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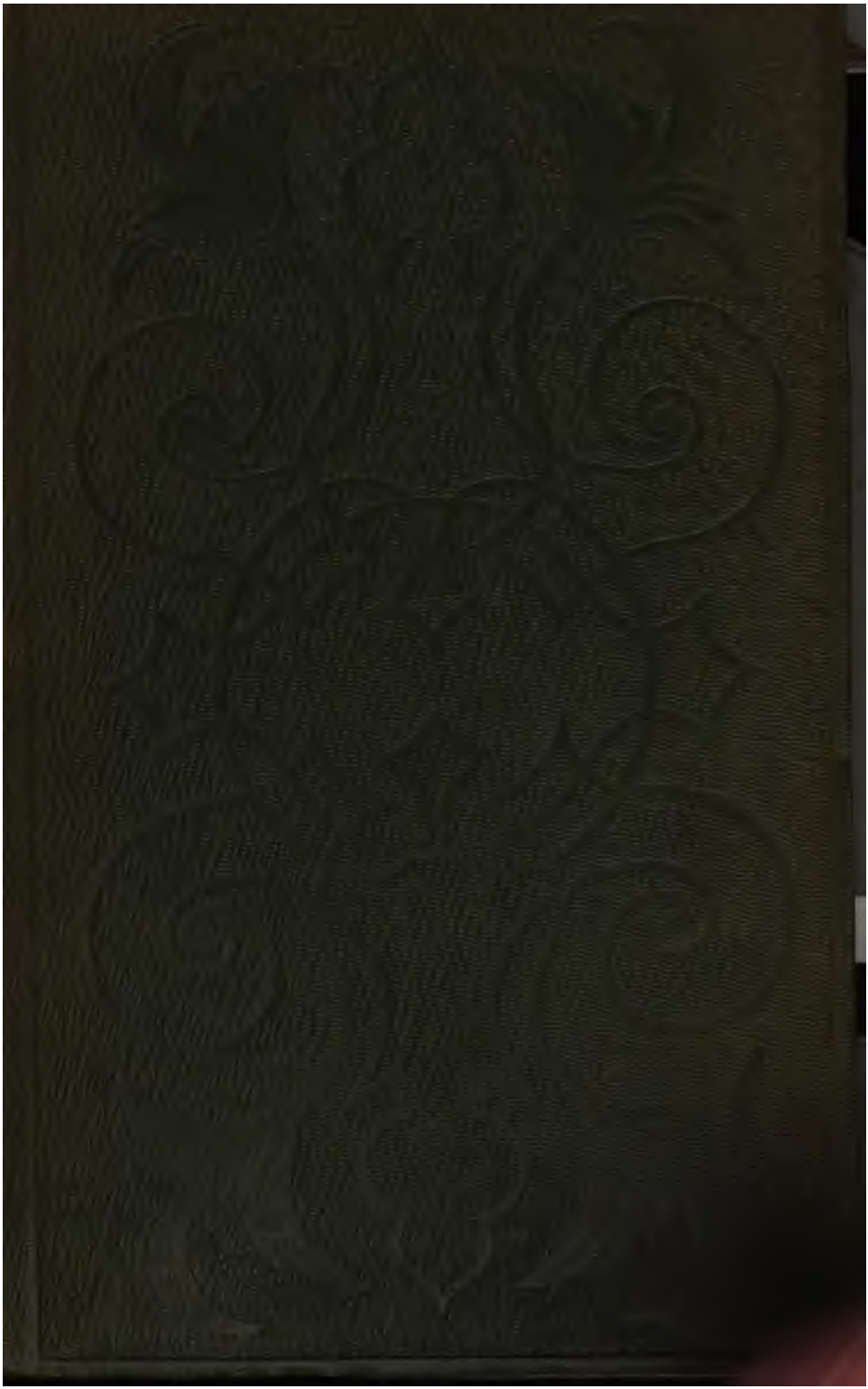

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MATHEW PAXTON.

EDITED

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"JOHN DRAYTON," "AILIEFORD,"

&c., &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTION.

In this age, when exhausted wonder is fain to turn back upon the primitive mystery, the problem nearest and most important, of life itself, with all its enigmas and paradoxes, the most modest writer scarcely needs to apologize for the homeliness of his subject, so long as it deals with the real and the true. We seek the excitement of adventure with those who have experienced it, and not with the story-teller; and it has become the

office of the latter to lead us, not wild and far-away excursions into the unknown, but rather on observant journeys into those scenes of human existence which, though we may not know them in our own experience, we can recognize as true. He who brings his lantern into an unrevealed corner, and shows us human faces brightening into the light, and human life proceeding day by day—far out of our ken, yet recommending itself by an unquestionable brotherhood to our heart—does for us, after a homely and simple fashion, what was done in a more magnificent sort, by the discoverers of unknown countries in the old times—adds to the population of the visible world, and to the circle of our private friendships, and makes place and locality tangible to us—no longer a mere name upon a map, but a populated country, known and

certain, and filled with beings like ourselves.

The author of the following history has drawn upon his experience more than upon his imagination; with no pretension to romantic incident or striking situations, his wish has been to disclose a very primitive phase of life and manners, known to himself by actual experiment. In the wilds of Northumberland, a historic country, crowded with picturesque reminiscences, the home-keeping descendants of those rude Border fighters, immortal in song and ballad, lag a century behind the stirring world about them. It is not that improvement never enters this remote territory, where you may find the refinements of agricultural science side by side with the ancient simplicities of use and wont—nor is it that enterprise or activity are wanting. Like their neighbours

over the Tweed, the rustic families of Northumberland send forth many an adventurer who conquers fortune, and are well represented in the front of battle; but, nevertheless, contrive to retain in their own persons, and at home, all that prejudiced and exclusive partiality for their own individual town or parish—all that tenacity of attachment to modes and customs out of date, the usages of their fathers, which gives a primitive and unadvancing aspect to a manly and intelligent race. Their position, too, which communicates to their dialect a strong savour of the Scot, intensified with the burr sacred to themselves, and which impresses upon their forms of religious worship the character peculiar to their neighbour nation, adds to the individuality of the wide rural districts of Northumberland. Presbyterian in creed, and deriving

much of his religious instruction from Scotland, your Northumbrian is no Scotchman. The country, indeed, remains still a wide and noble debateable land—a piece of independent territory, hostile to the nationality on one side, and dissenting from the nationality on the other—neither England nor Scotland, but Northumberland—a great, sturdy, healthy, broad-shouldered giant, ringing out his R's like a round of musketry, defying innovation, scorning conformity, and content at all times to be himself, however unlike himself may be to all the rest of the world.

Add to this that the country is full of primitive, ancient villages, and little market towns, but for the rest is an agricultural country, neither spinning cotton, nor manufacturing iron, but tilling its fields on the low country, and keeping sheep upon its

hills—that the people are leisurely rural people for the most part, who have full time for all the gossip of the country side, and that homely plenty abounds in farmsteading and cottage, where the necessaries of life are rude and simple, and where luxury is unknown—and it is easy to perceive how far away from the modern life of cities, from the bustle and clangour of to-day, and the haste with which we tread upon each other's heels, is the existence of those hills and dales, over which, like the clouds and the sunshine, there pass only the broad and all-pervading vicissitudes of life.

The writer of "Mathew Paxton," in choosing for the hero of his story a clergyman—one of the "ministers," of these primitive seclusions—has taken what one might almost call the authorized spectator of this mode of life—a man neither entirely

removed from them, nor yet one of themselves, but standing on a slight eminence, just high enough to observe from, near enough to sympathise ; and has here offered to the kindness of his readers, a plain and true picture of the life, in these regions, of a simple-hearted pastor. It is not a life in which excitement is very possible, but it is a real life, known to the experience of its author, and as such commended to the kindly judgment of those who care for the acquaintance, in actual life, of such men as the subject of this tale.

LONDON, 1854.

MATHEW PAXTON.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born among the Hills of Cheviot, within the bounds of Northumberland. My father was a shepherd, he watched over and attended a great flock of sheep on the hills, belonging to his master; and had a few ewes and lambs of his own, which constituted all his wealth. My mother was a notable woman among the hill-people—born among these wild upland solitudes,

she had passed all her days as a shepherd's daughter, and a shepherd's wife. Her mother, the granddaughter of an ejected minister, who had taken shelter, and finally settled down in that wild region, possessed, what few of the women among the hills could boast of—a good education; and her daughter when she married my father brought to his sheiling a little library—a famous one in the annals of the hill country; and sufficient previous instruction, to enable her to understand the Flavells, and Reynolds, the Howes, and Owens of which it consisted. Our house was far from any town or village; and the only tidings of the outer world which reached us, were from the travelling pedler, or beggar, or perchance the smuggler, who came rarely to the house. My mother's books had been their only resort, throughout the long nights of many winters, and they had been well read and

carefully thought over. My parents, and indeed all the people of the country-side, were Presbyterians. The meeting-house they attended was fully ten miles distant, situated in a wild and lonely place, far removed from the noise and bustle of the world, where there had been Presbyterian worship, through all the persecuting times of Charles, and James. Founded originally by my Nonconformist great-grandfather, it had remained a congregation of English, and Scottish Presbyterians up to the time I was born, a witness for the truth when English Presbytery became universally Arian and Socinian.

The purity of the meeting had, however, greatly fallen when my father first joined it, and was made an elder. Its minister was one of those who are called Moderates in Scotland; he was tinged with the latitudinarianism and indifference of the last

century, and approached, in the earlier years of his ministry, more nearly to the dull negatives of Modern Unitarianism, than even the Scottish Moderates generally did. My father was, on the contrary, a man thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Gospel; and the cold dead morality which was ordinarily preached in the meeting—the rapidly sinking Evangelism of the people—and the worldliness of the minister, who bred hunting-horses, and favoured the decay of vital religion among his people, as much by his week-day engrossing care for the world's wealth, as by his Sabbath's dry prelections, aroused my father's pure and vigorous spirit, to a determined opposition. His mind, daily on the hill-side—for he took his books in the neuk of his plaid to the hill with him—and nightly at our cottage fireside, strengthened by converse with the mighty spirits of past ages—enriched with the massive theology

of Perkins and Hall, revolted from, and became antagonistic to, the dead, cold, profitless discourses which he was condemned to hear at the meeting at Birdhope Craig; and he became a marked man, looked up to, it is true, by some few of the sounder shepherds among the hills, but regarded generally by the mass of the congregation as righteous overmuch. The minister even preached once or twice on that text, and the people said it was at my father. However he, honest man, went on in the even tenor of his way—going, it may be, oftener to Jedburgh to hear one of the earlier followers of Erskine, and even sometimes giving his house to any of them, that crossed the border, as a preaching place—than before; and always maintaining in his own family the household worship—the "Books," in the phrase of the country—when, except one or two old shepherds, the whole country-

side, ministers not excluded, had forgotten that they ought to have a family, as well as a weekly social altar.

I was the only son of my mother, and was born with a great deformity, which has made me through life physically a weak and helpless man. I need not say how fondly my mother loved me. Her lame boy was the very apple of her eye, and perhaps her affectionate heart only went forth the more fully to me, because of my helplessness; perhaps it is because I have suffered myself, that has led me to bestow more of notice on the weakly or deformed children I have seen, during my pilgrimage; but I have always observed that the weak of the family flock, has almost always been the best beloved;—and because 'of the jeers and taunts to which I was subjected as I grew up—for I never grew strong, nor could join in the boisterous sports and pastimes

of the half-savage lads of my own age among the hills. I did grow up, however, into a tall ungainly lad; and as my ankles were too weak to permit me to walk to the far-off school, my father bought me a little shaggy hill-pony, on which I rode there each day, to learn as much as the schoolmaster could teach me. It was clear that I could never obtain my living as a shepherd—I was unfitted for the long walks over the hills after the flocks; and as I was the only child of my parents, and they were people with the fear and love of God ever before their eyes, and present to their minds, it was determined that I should be educated for the Church. For a long time the superstitious feelings of my mother resisted these promptings of her spirit. She said it was not the torn, nor the maimed, nor the blind, nor the lame that was to be offered, but the perfect. My father, however, finally settled it all by re-

minding her that I was their only son—their all—that they had nothing more perfect to devote to God's service, and that the Lord required not that which people had not to give, but only what they had; and she consented. For many long years I rode daily to the school, and was honoured by the jeering titles of my schoolfellows, whose rough pleasantries I could not engage in, such as "the young priest," "the lame priest," "the cripple minister." Indeed, my appearance, as I used to ride to school, was sufficiently ludicrous. Imagine a tall, shambling lad, with deformed ankles and feet, seated on a little shaggy pony, his feet almost touching the ground, day by day passing through the little hamlets of that quiet region, which were on the road to school, and you have before you a picture of myself and my daily peregrinations. Often I was the centre of a band of bolder and more energetic spirits than myself, who

during the summer out at service among the neighbouring farmers, were at school all the winter; but their good-humoured raillery I bore without flinching. Indeed, though I say it myself, I was always so gentle, and answered to my various nicknames so readily, that I entirely disarmed the mischief of my schoolfellows of its point, and very often some of the stronger lads, when scornful allusions were made to my lameness, would take my part and inflict summary vengeance on the offenders.

I very soon became a good scholar; and being always a great reader, I read everything I could lay my hands upon, acts of parliament or anything—so as I got information, it was all the same to me. It is true that my mother's books were those that I chiefly read, and the effect upon me of these often re-read volumes was to deepen the religious feeling, which had been

cherished in me by my parents from my earliest years, and to induce me more sedulously to prepare myself for my future studies, so that I homologated the decision of my father and my mother, and desired of myself to be trained for the ministry of the Word.

When I was nearly seventeen I was sent to the University of Glasgow. I had been fortunate enough to obtain a bursary, from a charity founded more than a hundred years before, by a lady in Yorkshire, and so was sent to Glasgow College, to go through the course of literary study required before Presbyterian students can enter the Divinity Hall. In the English Universities this course is called, as I have heard, the Undergraduate; but with us, in my time, it was always spoken of as the Literary. It was a severe trial to my parents, especially to my mother, to part with me, and think of me living among

strangers so far away; but my good fortune in getting the bursary reconciled her to it.

It was a very solemn night, the one before I left our lonely house, to go to battle with the world by myself. My mother had invited the schoolmaster and two or three of the ôlder scholars, to meet me for the last time, and so long as they were present we were cheerful and happy. I was full of the new scenes and faces I was so soon to see, and the new studies in which I was to engage; and the other lads, who pitied my bodily weakness, and wondered at me for my mental powers—for I was always a good learner, and was now as good a scholar as the master, as he said himself, and accounted the wonder of the district—sympathized fully with us, and envied my good fortune. When all the strangers had departed, and we were left alone, my father drew in his chair to the fire beside me—for I had been seated in

the place of honour at the chimney-corner—and began to counsel me as to my future conduct when away.

"Mathew," he said, "it's a great providence, this that's happened till ye. Ye're mother and me might have pinched, and spared as muckle siller as wad hae carried ye through, but it wad hae been a sair fecht for us to do so. And now, my man, ye see that ye're provided for, for four years, and by the blessing of God, we'll try to save as muckle as keep ye at the Academy too. Now, all depends on your ainsel, and I pray you mind never to forget this providence—for it's clear to me that it's from the good hand of God Himself that it comes—and be aye thankful. You have been the child of mony prayers, Mathew, my man, dinna ever forget the kindness of the Almighty to ye. Ye're gaun away to a strange, big toun, where there will be mony temptations. Oh, man!

ake heed to yoursel, and dinna disgrace—though I say it—your godly upbringing. Mind, you're no strong, and the Almighty has nae meant you for hard out-door labour, while He has gi'en you the power of labouring with your head. Ye've aye been an obedient callant, and I trust that you'll continue to mind your duty to God, and be eident at your studies; and your mother and me, ye ken, will aye be praying that a' the purchased and promised blessings of the covenant be given unto you, Ye'll no forget, Mathew, my man."

"No, faither," I said, my eyes full of tears, and my voice shaking; "no faither, I'll mind my duty, aye to God and to you."

"There's nae fear of that, I'm sure," said my mother. "Mathie was aye a gude laddie. But, oh! take care of yoursel; ye're gaun far away, and I'll no be near

you. Take care of yoursel, my ain laddie, and dinna forgot to leive cannily, and dinna study ower hard, or read ower muckle, and hurt yoursel."

"No fear of that, mother," I replied, "I'll take gude care; and, mother, you'll hear by the Jeddart carrier every fortnight, and I'll write ye lang letters, and tell ye all the news, and how I get on, and how I like the Professors. I'll no forget what ye say, faither, ye may reckon on that."

"Weel, laddie," said my father, "I'll expect sae. And now let us get the books, and gang to bed, for ye'll hae to be away sune in the morning."

The worship of the family that night is as clear before me, and its effect as fresh and vivid, as if it had been yesternight. I mind my father, though he generally sang the Psalms through in regular order, chose a special one that night, which has ever

since, in consequence, been a great favourite with me. It was the twentieth in the metrical version used by the Presbyterians of Northumberland and in Scotland, and begins thus:

"Jehovah hear thee in the day,
When trouble He doth send,
And let the name of Jacob's God
Thee, from all ill defend."

The sound of my mother's voice, as she sang that Psalm, is now, after more than forty years have passed away, still ringing in my ears; and the petitions in the old man's prayer, for the dear laddie about to leave the house, for a strange and an evil place, I never have, nor can forget.

After worship was over and our supper taken, my father put his hand on my head, and repeated the blessing, which the priests were to give to the old warlike Israelites:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord lift upon thee the light of His countenance, and give thee peace," and then I was hurried away by my mother to bed; while my father, his rugged face, furrowed with many wrinkles, and brown with the weather, working with the pathos of his blessing, went away to a tree which grew at the end of our little garden—his place of prayer—to renew his intercessions for me, as I well knew.

On the next day we all started in a cart for Jedburgh, whence I was to go with the carrier to Hawick, and then to Glasgow. I pass over the last parting with my mother, for it grieves me—old man as I am—even still, to think of her sore trouble, and my father even had tears dropping from his eyes. I got up, however, with my little chest, on to the carrier's cart, and found a good seat on a great sack of

wool. The carrier, a decent man, and not given to drink as the generality of these people are, had a sister who lived at the "Bell of the Brae," near the College in Glasgow, and I was to stay with her either altogether, or at least till I got a new lodging. Our journey took us the best part of three days. Peter Hirple—that was the carrier's name—only making one turn in the fortnight, and was one Sabbath at home and one in Glasgow, and so did not hurry at all on the road, so we reached Glasgow only late on the Friday after we left Jedburgh. I was too much tired with my long seat on the cart to care much about what I saw; but, I mind well how strange I thought it, to be going so long through lines of houses. I fancied that the city must be bigger than Nineveh, that we read of in Scripture; and yet we only came along the Gallowgate and up the High

Street. I slept sound that night in Margaret Hirple's; she was married upon the beadle of the High Church, and keeped lodgers, and was very glad to see me, as she thought I would be a good lodger to her. I was too much fatigued to say anything that night, from the long ride and the cold I had not been accustomed to, for I had come all the way from Northumberland on the top of a carrier's cart, and that in the first week of November.

CHAPTER II.

THE first thing I did the next morning, was to call on the gentleman who was to pay me a part of the bursary money. If I had felt surprised at the magnitude of the city, in which I was to spend four years of my life—as I entered it the night before, when the tall houses between which we plodded our weary way, and the dim vistas of the streets striking off on either side, alone were visible, how utterly was I astounded now, when I found myself in the midst of the

noisy bustle, and continual crowd of the streets. I had never been in any town before, save Jedburgh, which at fair times even, was a quiet place in comparison of this. I used to look upon Jedburgh, when we went down from our lonely house on the hill-side, as a magnificent place, and its shops as if they contained all the riches of the world, but this Glasgow so far transcended it, that I almost lost my breath with bewilderment. As I went on down the street, I came to a long, low, antique-looking building, black with smoke, having some curious carved stone-work over the low wide archway in its centre, through which bands of lads, and young men enveloped in ungainly red gowns were passing. Some of these seemed, as if they had worn their gowns for a long time, having little more than a bundle of dirty rags dangling about them, and others looking as if they had put them on for the first

time. I spoke to one of the youngest lads, that I saw going in, and asked what place this was, and why he and so many strangely dressed people were going in there? He answered me sharper, and more gruffly than I could have spoken for my life, that I must be precious green, not to know that the building was the College, the red-gowned men and boys the students, going to hear the Greek Professor's introductory lecture, and then he hurried past me. I continued gazing with reverence and awe on the massive pile, and wondered if I should have to wear a red gown too, till the throng increased, and then I hobbled—for I must say that I was always a bad walker—down the dirty High Street, which I then, however, thought so fine—looking into all the shop windows on my way. I soon became confused, and could not tell which way to go; I had been warned by my mother to be

careful, and I was so careful, that I lost myself, and had strayed down into the worst part of the city, jeered at by the blackguard boys, and sworn at by many of the rude passers-by for my awkwardness, for I was constantly coming into collision with them. At last, when I did not know what to do, or where to go, and when my heart was faint with the feeling of utter loneliness, which oppressed me, in a way I never had felt among the wild hills, when—my eyes were swimming with tears, and my heart like to break, because of the desolation I was in, unable to find out either Margaret Hirple's house, or that of the gentleman I had set out to call upon, and I had come to the resolution to beg the first passenger to show me the Trongate—I wanted the Tontine, for Mr. Walkinshaw had his office there — I came upon Peter Hirple unloading his cart. The sight of an oasis to the fainting Arab in

the desert, of the life-boat to the shipwrecked sailor, was never more grateful, than the appearance of the Jedburgh carrier was to me. He scolded me very much for venturing out into the streets alone; Peter thought I was very *soft*, indeed I had always been so quiet and simple, and had seen so little, that most folk thought the same, said I ought to have gotten somebody to show me my way, "for if I ga'ed daundering about in that feckless gate, and dinna take better heed to mysel', he would be sure to have to send the bellman through the town, to cry me as lost or strayed." I listened to him patiently, and then waited till his cart was empty, for he said he would show me the place himself. I was glad to get into the cart again, for I was tired with walking, and he took me to the place.

Mr. Walkinshaw looked at me as I entered his office with my letter of intro-

duction in my hand with great intentness. He was a very decent like man, with a look like a minister, though he was a merchant, I fancy, only he had no shop, but just two little, dark, musty rooms, in one of which some young men were writing. He did not seem pleased with my look, for he muttered something to himself, and then taking a paper from his desk, which I saw was my applieation for the bursary, he said:

"Are you Mathew Paxton from Birdhope Craig, and are you the lad who wrote this application, and to whom I'm to pay twenty pounds?"

"Yes," I said, all trembling and shaking from inexperience and anxiety.

"Let me see you write your name."

I did so with a trembling hand. I had heard awful stories of the way, in which townsfolks are often imposed on, and was afraid lest I should be set down as an impostor,

and I had never before done anything so publicly. The clerks in the outer office, laughing and joking at my uncouth dress and appearance, and the stray words I heard, "new catched," "fresh from the hills," "very green," and such like, did not restore my equanimity, but I did write my name.

"Ay," said Mr. Walkinshaw more kindly. "It's the same hand, but for the shakes, as this application, and I'll pay you the money; but, my lad, you will only be laughed at, if you go to College in that dress; you must get some more civilized-like garments, and a gown, and do honour to the charity that sends you. You are a good scholar, I hear?"

"Yes, they say so." I knew I was a good scholar. The master at home had told me I was as good at the Latin, and Greek, and the Mathematics as himself, and he was well known as the best teacher on

the border. The gentleman took a Greek Testament out of his desk, and asked me to read a portion *ad aperturum libri.* It was the sixth chapter of Romans, the book opened at, I mind well, and I read it as I had done often before; but the merchant smiled at my broad pronunciation—not that I pronounced the words improperly, but we had learned to take such a mouthful of the vowels, and then the burr of Northumberland, which I did not think of at that time, sounded strangely in his ears. I, aye, prided myself on my reading, and was the best in the school before I left; and after I had read a few verses in the Greek, and translated, as he directed, he told me that would do. Then Mr. Walkinshaw gave me the Testament to myself, and paid me the money, for which I succeeded in writing a receipt, after half-a-dozen failures. I was afterwards asked a good many questions about the Cheviots, and

the meetings among them, and near our house, and about the lodgings I had taken. After telling the gentleman all I could tell, and adding that I had lost myself coming to seek him, he sent me away in charge of a little boy, who took me home to Margaret Hirple's, at the "Bell of the Brae," and who teased me all the way with his jokes and jeers at my stupidity.

The same day, I engaged to board with Margaret, and she sent her husband out with me, to get a gown, and to enter my name in the College books, for Margaret had often had collegians lodging with her before, and her man knew all that needed to be done. I matriculated that day, and on the Monday could take my place alongside of the red gowns, I had seen entering the gates of the University.

I remember I felt not a little elated that night, though it is true my elation was mingled

with a good deal of shame, when I thought of he helpless, foolish way I had wandered Glasgow streets in the early part of the day, and I mind I blushed red, when I thought of the receipt I had written in Mr. Walkinshaw's office, and fancied I could have done it so much better at home. I comforted myself, however, that I would write better next time I got money from him, and would then show him I could do more than read Greek. With the rest of my interview with that gentleman I was well satisfied, and the fine Greek Testament—it was one of Foulis' best editions, which I afterwards found was very highly esteemed—kept me occupied all the time I was not thinking of what I had done that day. In this way I read most of John's Gospel, for I heard that I would need to read some of it publicly on Monday, in the College, before the Professor; and when I shut the book at night, I supposed that I

would be able to make as creditable an appearance, then, before the Professor as Mr. Walkinshaw said I did, when I read the sixth chapter of Romans to him. I looked over also a part of Livy, and the first book of the Odes of Horace; and then, though my whole frame was trembling with suppressed excitement, in anticipation of the novel position I should occupy, I laid aside my books for the time.

"So ye lost ye're sel' the day, Mathew," said Margaret Hirple when she saw me shut my books, "and Peter found ye daundering down about the Briggate, and the fit of the Saut market, where ye should nae hae ga'en. Ye'll hae to tak care, for that's a wild pairt of the town, and it's no every day ye can expect to meet our Peter there, mind."

"Yes, I lost mysel', but I'll no do't again,"

said I, in answer, "I'll try and get acquaint with this great city in time, and no wander from hame till I can find my way back again."

"Weel, that's the best way, and on Monday, after the classes are out, I'll send ane with you, either the guidman, or ane of the weans, to let ye see the places near hand. Now, hiney, mind ye maun take care of yoursel, for Glasgow is no like the Cheviots, where ony body would tell ye if ye were gaun wrang, and ye maun take guid care of your money, for ye might be robbed, if ye got into ony of thae places again. It was a mercy ye had nane on ye this morning. There's folk live down in thae wauf places, that would think naething of taking a life for less than ye had, when ye came hame the day. Now mind and be careful."

So I promised, and went and put away my money in my chest, and determined never to carry any about with me but what I needed.

CHAPTER III.

I TOOK my place the following Monday in the classes for Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. After I had been enrolled, which indeed was the chief business of the morning, for the Glasgow College opens just a day or two before the November preachings, and very little is done till after they are all over, the more knowing students seldom making their appearance till the Tuesday, after the sacrament; the professors set about examining the students who had entered, to put

them into the division of the several classes they were fit for. This dividing of the sheep from the goats, was the more necessary at Glasgow, for a great number of the students were mere boys, who attended the Humanity Classes as a sort of upper school, and with no intention of going the length of a degree, or doing more than having the name of being college-bred for a year or two, before entering their father's or uncle's office. There were a great number of these school-boys present that day, fresh from the High School of the City, who were called up one by one, by the professor before my turn came. I mind I was astonished to see such young lads present themselves, as they did, so boldly, and at the same time being so far back, that some of them could do no more than answer the simplest questions in the grammar, and I took courage as the examination went on, and thought I should soon be freed from

these juvenile neighbours—for they were teasing me even while the examination was going on—by being put into a higher class; for I knew I was a good scholar, and the examination I listened to made me quite sure of it.

When my turn came, when my name was called on, I rose up as the others had done, and went forward to the professor. I was all in a tremble—for all, my sureness of scholarship—indeed I always am even now when I have to walk before strangers—I aye walked so badly, and my agitation was not lessened when, as I shambled down the class-room, I heard the titter which arose from seat after seat, as I passed the lads, for I had taken my seat at the door, and had to pass all the students before I reached the professor. Ere I had got half-way, I got quite angry, though all, I must do them the justice to say, laughed at each individual on his progress

to the professor, and still more at the sheepish disconsolate air with which many of them came back, as well as at me; for though I am a quiet man now, and was a simple aefauld country lad then, I whiles get so angry, that I could not contain myself, and so I turned round, and when I saw the boy I had spoken to the day before, sitting at the form nearest to me, when I stopped for a moment, giggling and pointing with his finger at me, I could not contain myself any longer, but shaking my clenched hand at him I said: "Let me catch you out bye, and I'll give it to you, my man." The professor saw that something was wrong, and he called my name again in a more imperative tone, and I turned and hastened forward, and came to his chair, with my face flushed, and my eyes near blinded with tears of shame and rage.

The professor without taking any notice of the incipient quarrel in his class—for a

good deal of latitude was allowed in it at first assembling for the season—put some simple questions about the grammar, which I answered as well as I could, though what I said I never could mind after. He was pleased, however, and put a Horace into my hands, and asked me to read, which I did. It was the ode beginning thus: "*Sic te diva potens Cypri.*" My burr in reading the Latin caused a still greater tittering among the students, and even the grave face of the professor relaxed into a smile, but he was pleased to see me so far advanced, and called me Mr. Paxton, and put me into the senior division of the class. I was always sure I was a good scholar, but the commendations of the professor elated me greatly, and though I had to run the gauntlet of the wicked lads, as I returned to my seat—and it was more difficult to do so, when you had to look them in the face—I

got back to my seat near the door, in a very different mood from that in which I had left it. I was the only one declared fit for the upper class. I have said, that more advanced students did not usually join the classes till after the preachings were over; and so I would hereafter meet at a different hour, and with a different set of students, and be free from the jeers and tormentings of these rude lads. As it was, my superior scholarship had quieted them not a little. Many of them were as old as myself, and all had enjoyed advantages in the way of masters much superior to mine, and yet the country lad from the Cheviots, who had never before seen so many people together except at the kirk—beat them all.

In the Greek and Mathematical classes it was much the same, for in both I was able to go on with those who had been a year at College; no wonder then that I had gotten

the bursary, people said, and if I could not help thinking the same, it was quite natural; for if I beat all these students at the first entrance, what should I not do at the second examination, and at the black-stone? for I had already heard of that. I found out afterwards though that I should have joined the higher classes at once, and so have saved myself all the trouble I had gone through. As it was, in every class the youngsters laughed at my misfortune, and jeered at the way I spoke; though I might have laughed as much at the way in which they read, quite as well as them at me—only somehow it is not easy for one who is alone, and without acquaintance, to laugh at the crowd. I never could get over the uncouth barbarism of that Glasgow accent, which even now, brings back to me the smell of pease brose, into the mysteries of which I was soon initiated, but which I never could

abide. But I am digressing. At the Greek class I read a bit of Homer, of the tenth book I mind it was, and the professor was greatly pleased, and said—for he was a humorous man: "Gentlemen, take heed to yourselves, or Mr. Paxton, with his border schooling, will shame the High School, and be the first of his year at College;" at which they made a ruff with their feet—for the lads, I must say this for them, were good-natured though frolicsome. The mathematical professor was equally favourable to me, and I was that first day, notwithstanding my clownish appearance, and uncouth pronunciation, put into the highest division of these three classes, with the name and standing of a good scholar, which if it did not altogether suppress the jokes of my fellow-students, at least made them more bearable.

That day I went home to my lodgings a very proud man, with a purse greatly

lightened, for the three classes cost three guineas apiece, and then there was the matriculation fee, and a fee for the library besides. I mind I thought myself of no little importance as I went up the High Street, and truly enough the people looked after me, but not for the reason I thought; for I imagined that they must all know by this time, that it was this country lad who had done so well in all the classes, and when I saw a curious look I set it down at once to that. Whereas the true reason was the appearance I made *in propria persona* in the street. I was very nearly as tall as I am now, about five feet eleven, and stout in proportion, we hill folk are all biurdly fellows; my face was youthful and very soft and good-natured like, and my dress was the Sunday's dress I had worn at home, and was very different from the dresses of the other red-cloaked students.

I wore a hat of the coarsest felt, my coat was of home-made cloth, the yarn spun by my mother out of the black wool, and it was just that brownish, greyish-black, which the shepherds of the Cheviots still wear; my breeches were of the same, and over all was the flaming red gown, which hung from my shoulders in the most ungainly fashion. Had I been able to walk boldly, people would have heeded me less, but as I could only shamble forward, my awkward gait and coarse dress, and student's gown, very naturally attracted the attention of passers-by. I did not think of these things then, even though annoyed not a little by the stare of those I met—I only was sensible I had done well, and fancied that all I met knew it.

The first thing I did after dinner—I dined with Marget Hirple, and we had sheep's head kail, I mind, I had not begun to board

myself yet—was to write to my mother. I had never written any letters before, and it was a task which I was feared to undertake ; but some way, I was so proud of the day's work, and found so much to say when I began, that I got on very well, and wrote near to two sheets before I was done—not your little trifling note-paper like what people generally use now, but large full-sized, sponsible sheets of the time when envelopes were unknown. I had only written versions, and such like before, and this was my first effort at composition, and though I knew it was vain-glorious and presumptuous for the most part, and I kept out—for I feared I should vex my mother—all about losing myself the day before, and what Peter Hirple had said about sending the bellman through the town to cry me as "a country laddie gone amissing," I knew that she would like to hear everything, and so I told all about the

lads laughing at me, and how the professor had behaved. I have the letter by me still. I got it in my mother's chest when she died, carefully wrapped up in a handkerchief, and I fancy now that I was very foolish then, for I cannot help blushing and smiling when I read it now. In the afternoon, I walked up with the beadle to see the Auld High Kirk, and was taken by him through it all and into the Laigh, or Barony Kirk, which is below one of the ends of the cathedral. I have heard since—when I was speaking of it to a young Glasgow lad, who called on me here—that Rob Roy met a stranger Englishman, behind one of the pillars of it, but there was no word of that in my time. I saw at the same time the places where the Covenanters were buried, and liked better to have pointed out to me these places, than to see the kirks, though I thought them very grand.

On the Sabbath-day, I had gone with Marget and her family to the High Kirk, and heard a sermon from the Principal of the College, which I did not like at all. I know that, though it might be counted good in Glasgow, it would not have done at all among the Cheviots. The principal, an old stout, buirdly man, read slavishly, and turned over leaf by leaf, and aye keeped his finger at the line, for fear he should lose his place, so that I could not bear it, and would not go back to hear him again, and therefore I went in the afternoon to the College Kirk, and heard a minister that I liked better, under whose ministry I resolved to continue all the time I was in Glasgow. He was one of the kind of preachers my father liked, and I knew that nothing would please him so much as to hear that I was regularly attending the ministry of such a man; and besides, there were seats there

free for the students of the College who liked to go, and so I saved a seat rent.

Peter Hirple left us on the Tuesday morning, and I wrote another sheet full of news for him to take with him. I knew that some of the market folks at Jedburgh on the Saturday, would get the little parcel, and give it to my father or some of the neighbours, at the kirk on Sabbath. My letter was all about the ministers this time, and how I had spent the Sabbath, and what I thought of the sermons, and what I intended to do, what kirk I should go to, so long as I stayed in Glasgow, and I finished by telling them that they were not to fear for me, and about the red gown I had been forced to buy—I dreaded my mother would think the gown popish, a relic of which time it undoubtedly is, and so I was feared to write about it at first, but I thought it was better for me to tell her, than for her to hear

about it from Peter Hirple, who was sure to speak about me, and the figure I cut with the red gown, when he got home; and especially so, as the students from our part of the country went usually to Edinburgh College, and they wore no gowns there.

On the Tuesday week, after the preachings were over, the business of the several classes fairly commenced, and I was soon as hard at work as I could be. It took me much labour to be ready for the classes every day, and I soon found for all my good scholarship — and everybody said I was a good scholar—it was as much as I could do to keep up with the rest. My early success had slightly intoxicated me, and induced me to suppose that I should be *facile princeps* in the Greek class all the session, but though I got to the head the first day by chance, I did not hold it long, a tall lad from

Douglasdale, a shepherd's son like myself, soon put me down, and after standing for a time as second, I sunk a place lower, but never any farther. In the humanity and mathematical classes, it was very much the same; on the whole I did well in them all, though I kept my place better in the Greek. At the end of the session, however, I got prizes—finely bound books with the College arms stamped on them in gold—in every class, though it was only my first session; and all the professors were kind, and said that I had been the most docile and well-behaved student of their classes, and that they hoped next year I should be able to do as well, and that they would be glad to see me again.

So ended my first session, in which I acquired a very considerable increase to my knowledge, a good deal to my opinion of myself, a good character as a student, and an

armful of those fine books which for a great many years formed the pride of my mother's heart, and the chief ornament of my study.

CHAPTER IV.

At the end of my first session I went home. I cannot describe my mother's joy at the sight of me again. She was waiting in Jedburgh, as I got down off Peter Hirple's cart, late in the evening though it was; my father had not been able to come, for it was in the middle of the lambing time that I came home, and he was busy among the flock on the hills. My mother had a cart ready, and we only stopped long enough in the town to get some refreshment, and then

set off to our lonely house, which we did not reach till late into the night. I was very glad to see it again under the pale moonlight, for we had a fine spring moon shining full over our heads as we drove slowly home, for though I had been used to both bigger and finer houses in Glasgow, my heart warmed at sight of the old place where my parents dwelt, and where I had spent all the previous years of my tranquil, happy, innocent life. It was nearly dark when we left Jedburgh, and but for the lovely spring moon, which since then I have ever thought far prettier than even the far-famed harvest one, we would have had to journey in the dark all the way home. We had come very pleasantly under the clear cold moonshine. I cannot tell—for my heart fills yet at the thought of it—how joyfully I recognized each house, and tree, and stone on the road. During the long day's journey on Peter Hirple's cart, I

had been drowsy and listless, but now my drowsiness was dispelled, when I fairly got into my own country, and saw the hills again.

I was much made of, I need hardly say, by my parents during that vacation. They were very proud of their scholar son, who had already gained such goodly prizes in the University, which was to them a place as honourable as mysterious. I doubt much if any other distinction I gained afterwards, either at Glasgow College, at the Academy in London, or even my licence and ordination by the Presbytery of the bounds, ever gave them so much real pleasure, as they enjoyed at my return to them then. And my old teacher, he was nearly out of his wits, that a scholar of his should have beaten the lads of the High School of Glasgow, and brought home such fine books as I had done. Even the minister, and he was a Moderate,

though my father said he had changed wonderfully of late, and did not give the people such sermons as he did, when he preached on the text, "be not righteous overmuch," said I had done right well at the College, and that it was a good sign of me, that I had chosen the College Kirk for my place of worship, and had brought home so many prizes; he was a west countryman, and had friends in Glasgow it seemed, and had heard good accounts of me from them. He came to see me once or twice through the summer, and my father and mother, who had looked on him as a worldly, godless man, were so pleased with the notice he took of me, that instead of being the chief persons who blamed his doctrine or his practice, they became his especial advocates. They had always gone to the meeting, when they could, for my father aye said it was a most serious matter to leave his own church, and my

mother had a traditional respect and affection for the place where her grandfather had preached; but this summer they went ofter than ordinary, and my father became the minister's right-hand man in the session and in his own district, though he had rich farmers not a few, and my father was only a hired shepherd.

I will not dwell upon this my first vacation, there were many more to follow, and many extra prizes to gladden my mother's heart, before I was finished with the College, and ready to go to the Divinity Academy, to which, in terms of the bursary, I bid to go, so I will not linger here.

At the end of October, I went back to Glasgow with Peter Hirple, and began my second session. I still continued to stay in Margaret Hirple's, and was very comfortable and very quiet. I never had many friends. Sometimes I gave a tea to country lads

like myself, of whom there were a great many at Glasgow College, but all of them from the west country or the Highlands; I was the only Border man among them. Whiles I got an invitation from Mr. Walkinshaw, who paid me my bursary money, to take supper with him at his own house, and I was better pleased with him and his family every time I went. The young lad I had been so angry with the first day of my attending College, and whom I had set down as a scamp, turned out to be his son; and from the time we met at his father's house and knew one another, he ceased his mockery and became my fast friend, and often, after he got into the same class with me, I helped him all I could. John Walkinshaw was really a fine lad, though I thought him very forward and impudent when I first saw him, and though I have met him only now and then during forty years, and he

is now a Lord of Session, and one of the leading men in Edinburgh, and far above me, a poor Presbyterian minister in Northumberland, I look upon him, and he regards me, as his letters would testify, as a brother, and we have been in the most delicate of all duties associates.

Well, I passed my four years at College. I could have done with three, as I was so far advanced when I entered, or only have entered my name on the books, and gone home, or taken a tutorship for the fourth, as was too common then; but I stayed the whole four from end to end. I went home in the summer, and was back in Glasgow all the winter during College time. I must say that I employed myself well. I never neglected any of the classes I had to attend, even when they were irksome as the logic class always was, for the professor was a dry man of the old school, and then we

had a metaphysician of the new school who was worth a score of him. I liked the philosophy of Dr. Reid, which had just broke through the old scholastic subtleties, and was holding up the principles of common sense to the world. I have ever been—whether I have much common sense is another question—fond of looking at things in a plain way, and his philosophy so greatly captivated me, that I wrought very hard, and actually carried off the first prize of my year in that class. I have seen, and heard a great deal about transcendentalism, and its notions and theories since then, they are all the vogue now; but I still fancy that our students of that time, with the spectacles of common sense, which Dr. Reid taught them how to use, would soon have dissipated the mists which the Germans and their followers have contrived to raise.

About the new year there was a great

snow storm in Glasgow, which lasted for some weeks, and gave rise to one of the greatest scrapes I ever was concerned with. I had always kept myself entirely free of the jovial parties of the students, and no charges of impropriety in that way could be brought against me. But during the time this snow was on the ground, there happened one of those miniature riots, which are not uncommon in Scotland, and which begun in fun, end in anger, if not in earnest, and in that I was very much against my will implicated.

One day in January, as I was leaving the Moral Philosophy class, with a score or two of other students, we saw, when we got to the gateway, a great mob in College Street, facing the College, and snowballs flying in all directions. I confess it set my heart a beating more rapidly, and all the others gave a shout, and rushed out, hurrying me

with them. It was only to see the fun, they cried, and I suffered myself to be led by them. But I was soon left behind, for my companions saw that the battle was between the red gowns, and the town's lads, and they hastened with the *esprit de corps* of students, to succour their neighbours; and soon, by the successful rush they made, they succeeded in driving back the weaver lads and Singers, who were the pursuers of our fellows, and were after them in hot pursuit. But the latter, over-mastered by the students, fled through Inkle-factory Lane, and up and down Shuttle Street, with the most of the students after them, leaving only about a score of red gowns too tired to follow, or who had been disabled by the rude blows and buffets of the weavers. We were turning to go back to the College, and had almost got to the High Street, when we found our retreat nearly cut off—the rascals had

emerged through closes, and wynds, and on both sides of the High Street were endeavouring to close in upon us. Of course we showed the best front we could, and by our cries called out a fresh reinforcement from the College, which enabled us to hold our own pretty well till the party lastly pursuing, but now pursued, came flying back along College Street with a great rabble at their heels.

Our position was now somewhat of a difficult one. If we left the High Street before our neighbours came up, we would imperil the safety of our comrades, and it was easy to see, that the blood of the mob was roused, for they began to throw hard pieces of ice, and even stones, and in our ranks there was more than one who was cut about the face; as for our gowns, a sleeve was to be seen here, and a piece torn out of the back there, all over the wide space,

like so many trophies of our adversaries' prowess. I confess that now I was fairly roused, and was throwing snowballs as fast as I could make them, for I had received some pretty severe blows about the head, which while it made *it* tingle, made my border blood rise in the same proportion. When our comrades reached us—I always fancied after we must have had a military genius among us—we were ranged in three sides of a square, having our fourth resting on the college. Our front terrified the mob before us for a while, and a party of our lads having got possession of the College church-yard, which was a little higher than the street, began to do us good service by showering down snowballs on the rear and centre of one party of our assailants; but if we were relieved there, we were speedily harder pressed on the other two sides, and I saw, with no pleasant feeling, that the

character of our assailants was changing instead of the good-natured wabsters we had now a motley crowd of bakers, sweeps, and all the riff-raff of the High Street and Vennels to contend with. When it became necessary we began to retreat, gradually closing in upon the College gate, those already within supplying us plentifully with ammunition, and doing all they could to help us. I was in the front rank opposite the gate, and as I was very strong in the arms, I had already brought a good many to the ground, and so became a special object of attack, and was called all sorts of names, the evil fancies of the sweeps and others pressing on us could devise.

By the time our forces were all within the gate, but the dense column of us who filled it from side to side, and who were gradually retreating within its shelter, the professors and officials were greatly alarmed,

and having sent off an express to the lord provost and the magistrates, were assembled at the gate, with all the disposable force of the College porters and functionaries at hand, ready to shut the ponderous doors as soon as the last of us had entered. But the pressure without now grew tremendous, and we were in danger of entering pell-mell with the mob. At this moment I had forgot all about my ankles, and was using my hands vigorously, in repelling the blows and grasps that were made to tear us out of our ranks, when it suddenly occurred to me to seize one of our chief opponents, and draw him from his own side to ours, and in fact make him a prisoner. No sooner thought than done; I grasped him—he was but a child in my hands, for my blood was up—by the waist, and though I got two heavy blows in consequence in the face, I lifted him off his feet, and threw him behind me within reach

of one of the porters who instantly secured him as a prisoner; this made the rabble pause a little, and we got all safely in, and the doors shut, before they recovered.

"Well done, Paxton." "There's spunk and strength in that fellow after all." "Ay, he's as strong as a bull now his blood's up," was cried on every side—for though the professors were all present, nobody heeded them, we were all too much excited. The only notice paid by the students to them was to subject them, so long as the gate was open, to a continued shower of balls—ostensibly intended for the mob, but really aimed at them; by which the principal and some of the least liked, suffered very considerable damage. Now the students in the church-yard were the objects of our attention, for the people outside cried they would make them catch it, and we began to be greatly alarmed by the shouts and noise we heard,

and by the showers of heavier missiles than snowballs, which were cast over the wall and through the windows into the College. Professors and students alike were greatly afraid for these lads, when all at once we heard a cry on the outside that the soldiers were coming, and a loud noise, as of a crowd rushing away, and soon after, one of the side doors of the gateway being opened, we saw the High Street clear of people, and a party of dragoons advancing up the High Street, at a trot, the provost and one of the chief officers riding at the head of them. When they were passing the College Kirk, the brave lads who had held their own there, notwithstanding all the mob could do, set up a loud cheer, and hastily came out of the church-yard, and joined us in the College. Had it not been for the timely arrival of these dragoons, however, I have no doubt there would have been lives lost, for the

people outside were just upon the point of mastering the students left behind. And as it was, many of us, of both parties, were injured, though not very seriously. I myself was a little cut about the face, and as the scamp I had captured was a sweep, I was nearly as black as himself, what with the grasp I had taken of him and the blows he had given me. John Walkinshaw had a couple of black eyes, and many others bore similiar marks of the fray.

That afternoon there was an inquiry before the Professors, as to the origin of the riot. The sweep we had suffered to escape, as we did not like to give him up to the officers; and so, after giving him a very rough washing in the snow, which made both his clothes and himself cleaner and whiter than they had been for many a day, we rolled him out by the College garden entrance, unknown to the Professors. It seemed from the examina-

tion of the students that a few of them, who were coming to their class, had been snow-balling one another on the road, but meddling with nobody else, and that when passing Inkle Factory Lane, they were set upon by the Inkle weavers and Singer lads, who worked there, and of course did all they could to defend themselves, but that they had been worsted and forced to take to their heels. In College Street a number of the wauf characters from Shuttle Street had also set upon them, and the bicker, which had been only fun so far, became earnest, and but for the timely arrival of the students, from the Moral Philosophy Class they would have been very much worse used, though as it was some of them had had their gowns torn from their backs, and met with other ill treatment. With one voice all sought to excuse the first assailants, who had only bickered them in fun; indeed so many went through Inkle Factory

Lane every day, that they knew the lads very well, and were in the habit of bantering, joking, and teasing each other all the session through—and none of them would have liked to see ill come to any of them for the day's tumult. But we all—especially the elder students like myself, who were then called on to explain our share in the fighting of the day—we who had borne the brunt of the battle, and showed that, in our torn clothes and bruised faces—demanded justice on the mob who had assailed us so fiercely, and so entirely without provocation; and the Professors seeing that the best students—that is, the quietest and best behaved—had not only broken through their quietness, but were the chief sufferers, and chief complainers, promised to represent our case to the magistrates, and having given us a severe rebuke they dismissed us.

But then how was I to get home, I began

to think; I could not go out to the street such a figure as I was, with my gown in rags, and my face cut and marked. I believe we all felt that it would be hazardous, moreover, for our very appearance bore witness that we had been in the row. At last, leaving my gown with the janitor, and getting the loan of a cloak from one of the porters, I set out home. The streets were being patrolled by a party of dragoons, and I felt at once relieved when I saw them, and continued walking by their side up the High Street, as far as they went. A queer-looking figure I cut in the long tartan cloak I had borrowed, and I cannot help laughing now, as I mind the look I had when I saw myself in Marget Hirple's glass. But I got home safely, and never all my life was I more pleased, than when I got my face washed again and my clothes changed.

It took an hour or two for me to settle

down, into my ordinary quietness again, and no sooner had it come, than I was overwhelmed with shame at the part I had taken. In proportion as my blood cooled my conscience rose into the ascendant, and I felt bitterly that I had done very wrong, in taking any part in the fray at all—me a man marked out by my parents for a minister of peace, to be one of the leaders of a Glasgow row, and to have come in contact hostilely with sweeps and bakers, instead of being an example of self-denial and forbearance. As for the rescue of my beaten fellow-students, my conscience approved on that score, but condemned me emphatically, on account of my full and hearty participation in the further progress of the riot. It spoke to me in this wise, "Mathew Paxton, *you* to do the like of this, you looking forward to the ministry of the Gospel, to be a leader of wild young men in their quarrels! You, such a sober, decent lad, to

take such a part as you have done this day, and to like it! Oh, Mathew, Mathew! be ashamed of yourself, that you have let the animal overcome the spiritual in you. I saw you glorying in your strength, and proud that you could strike harder than you were striken. It will not do, Mathew; you want to be a preacher of peace on earth, and you have made a terrible bad beginning. Oh, Mathew, Mathew! you'll have to mend, and never let such feelings get upmost again, or you will never be fit for the ministry of the Word."

And to the reproaches of my conscience, was added the pain I began to feel from the cuts in my face, and the bruises over all my body; and, moreover, Margaret Hirple wondered, what my mother would think if she saw me in that state, and how she would like to hear that my gown was torn to rags, and I had been fighting with sweeps

and the scum of the town, when all a decent lad like me had to do, was to take care of myself, and much more she said to the same purpose. For Margaret had sympathy most strongly, with the opponents of the students, while she did not like to see me ill-used; so I was in a pretty position that night. Sore in body and mind, and harassed with Margaret's tongue, while I began to grow feared, that she would tell Peter, and that her version of the story would reach the Border before mine, and put my mother about very much. So, sore as I was, I sat down and wrote a short letter to her about the riot, and told her all, how it began and ended, and how ashamed I was of myself, now that all was over; which I went out quietly and posted that night, having addressed it to the care of Mr. Wood at the Craig, to give to my father on the Sabbath.

A number of us were examined before

the magistrates the next day, and we all agreed in the account of the origin of the row, which we had given to the Professors the day before. The constables who followed the soldiers had taken up a few of the blackguards who had assailed us, and I was glad to see that there were none of the Inkle Factory lads among them, for we would as soon have been punished ourselves, as had them suffer. So long as it was fun, it was all well and fair; it was only when it became earnest, and the riff-raff of the city our opponents, that dangerous weapons and violence was used. None of us would, however, swear to the prisoners. I do not think we could have done so; but the constables did—they knew the rascals well, and they were punished, all of them, by being put in jail for a time. We afterwards used to joke about this, and say that the watchmen, and the magistrates were glad of the chance of shutting up so

many of the vagabonds, for if they did not deserve punishment for this, they did so for many another misdeed, which they had committed.

Edinburgh College has obtained far greater fame for these snowball riots, than our *Alma Mater*. I have heard of many serious disturbances there: and once, when I was in from Crookston on business, and was storm-stayed for a fortnight, I saw one, even more fierce, and having worse results than ours. And I heard afterwards, so strong is the *esprit de corps* of students, that two young surgeons, in decent business in an English town, as soon as the mail brought word of it, set off by the next coach to have a hand in the fun, and to help their successors in their battle with the refuse of the town. But the Edinburgh magistrates were not so lenient to the students, as our Glasgow ones, for they fined them heavily, and sent

some of them to prison; but perhaps they had been the beginners of the fray, whereas, we were only led into it to succour our distressed fellows.

With the exception of the painful feelings engendered by this *escapade*, I was very happy the whole period of my stay in Glasgow. I liked the Professors, and the Professors were pleased with me. It was a trial to be sure, when the yearly examinations came on, but I got used to them, and aye did fairly. I cannot say that I ever—except in the Moral Philosophy Class—took the first prize, but I always took some in every class I attended. I know the reason very well. I always did my work, whatever it was, in the best way I could do it, and the Professors liked an eident student quite as well as a clever one, and I was always diligent. As the fourth session drew to an end, I must say I *did*

tremble, for I was about to try for a degree, and I knew that the examination for that, was more general, and more severe than any of those I had already passed through. For it, therefore, I prepared sedulously, reading upon all the subjects I had already studied, on which I was likely to be examined, so that I might pass from the black-stone with honour.

The session—my last at Glasgow—ended. The black-stone day came, and I was about to undergo the trial of my learning and philosophy, which should either lead me to my A.M., or see me go away disconsolate. I felt very nervous and uncomfortable that morning, I mind well, and cut myself while shaving, my hand shook so much; but still I was able to go to the public hall with a calm face. There were more than me in a like predicament, and

some of them I knew to be far worse prepared than I was. After a time my turn came, and I was seated on the black-stone; and there for better than an hour suffered a sort of moral martyrdom, which looked as long to me as all the past portion of my life, so trying was it. Strange, I thought afterwards, that the riot of the snowballs should not seem to have lasted minutes, and this moral trial seemed so long. It came to an end, however, as all other things do, and I left the presence of my examinators, if not with any great credit, at least without any blame; and on the next day, got my Master's cap and gown in the full hall. It was a proud day for me, nearly as much so as the day I showed my mother my first prizes. I thought myself already a minister when the gown was put on my shoulders, and the cap on my

head, and even then wondered what my mother would think when she saw me in them.

After that great day, I went home. Before I could begin my divinity studies, some months must elapse, and it behoved me to be prepared for my entrance into the Academy in London, to which I was to go. It was with pleasure I bade farewell to Glasgow, though I must say that I did feel sorry, when I parted from Margaret Hirple and Mr. Walkinshaw; I had been treated so kindly by both. Margaret had used me so well, and been so kind and motherly all the four sessions I stayed with her, that I regarded her with true affection, and stood not a little in awe of her rebukes, as in the riot above mentioned; and then, whatever little thing my mother sent, she had used so carefully, that I was able to save a great deal of my bursary

money each year; and Mr. Walkinshaw and John his son, I actually cried when I parted with them, for if there was a good man and a true friend I ever had, Mr. Walkinshaw was the man.

CHAPTER V.

I STAYED for some months at home, reading dry works on theology—some that I had been advised to buy while in Glasgow, and some that I borrowed from the minister, Mr. Wood, who was very attentive to me, and not a little proud to have a Master of Arts, a dignity he himself had not reached, in his congregation. He often asked me down to the Manse, and on the Sabbaths had almost always some business with my father, and so we had to stop after the meeting came

out, to speak to him. In this way I became acquainted more intimately with his family. Mr. Wood had married soon after he was settled at Birdhope Craig, and was now a widower with two surviving daughters, all the rest of his family having died in infancy; his eldest daughter was his housekeeper. Jane Wood was now about eighteen, and though she was not what folk call beautiful, I could not help thinking her very well-featured and comely, and liking her appearance far better than that of those who were said to be bonnie. I saw a great deal of the two sisters during that summer, what with the long cracks between my father and the minister, on the Sabbaths, and the visits I paid to the Manse, I got quite chief with them, and to a considerable extent got the better of my shyness in their presence. Jane was a tall, handsome girl, with black eyes and hair—och on! that I should at this

day begin to describe her, who has been in my heart all my life, and in her grave these many years—and her smile was the cheeriest and pleasantest I ever saw. She was comely, not beautiful, for her features were not regular, and her nose was what the French call *retroussée*, and she had a peculiarity, which I have very seldom seen in either man or woman: when uninterested, she looked vacant and non-intelligent; but she was not so, for the slightest thing would cause her eye to sparkle, and intelligence to beam out from every feature—intelligence of the highest kind, too, that of a mind richly endowed by nature, and highly cultivated by discipline. Indeed the face on these occasions, when the change could be seen, became like a scene on which the sun in all his splendour has just broken, and where all that was grey and gloomy before, changes on the instant into positive glory.

I never clearly saw the like transition on any face but once, when at the Academy I met a great London minister whose eyes seemed to me to speak like hers.

I often during these few months went to Mr. Wood's, and was always, especially by Jane, very kindly treated. I was only a poor man's son, though an A.M. of Glasgow, and was lame in both my feet to boot, and yet both these girls at the Manse were as attentive to me, or maybe more so, than to any other of the young men, even of the young, rich farmers in the country-side. I had still a great part of my novitiate before me, and at the end of it, had to run the risk of getting licence to preach, and a Meeting, before I could think of a house of my own; and yet I could not help thinking, not only that Jane was the bonniest, and best young woman I had ever seen, but that I would like her to be at the head of my household

when I got one. At that time it was an unheard-of thing, for a student or a preacher to marry before he was placed; indeed, if any one did so, it was just as much as to say, that he did not intend to follow out the ministerial profession, but meant to sink into a parish, or private school, or to follow some other business; the new men of these latter years have altered this old way, whether for the better or not, I cannot say, but I think it is. I never spoke to Jane of my feelings, I was too shy and bashful for that as yet; but she was a sort of divinity to me, enshrined in my heart, and I dared not break the charm by telling her I loved her. Besides, I never forgot that I was a poor, lame lad who had got my fortune yet to win; for I was mostly aye cautious and careful, and did not like to commit myself till I could see my way clearly. Oh, how I did love that young girl! I never felt my own personal blemishes and defects

so much, as when in her presence, and when I thought of her—and that was always, for I could not get her image out of my mind. I was studying hard, reading heavy books that required my whole attention, and I often found Jane Wood coming into my mind, and so distracting my thoughts, that frequently I read and re-read the same page half-a-dozen times, and at last have had to leave off almost in despair, because I could not make myself to understand the subject. I mind I was reading "Calvin's Institutes," that glorious book, to my thoughts better than all the Bodies of Divinity that have ever been printed—in connexion with another by a great Arminian, Dr. Limborch, in the original Latin—which I had picked up cheap at a book-stand in the Gallowgate of Glasgow —which I read easily *currente oculo*, for I was a good Latin scholar, and often while busy with them, my imagination would re-

produce the image of Jane, so that I had many times to shut the books in desperation, and go out to the hills to calm myself.

But I kept my feelings to myself; and though I took every opportunity of going to the Manse, I never spoke to Jane of love. Both sisters were always glad when I went there, and I felt their kindness the more, because in this country-side I never met with any well-educated people but themselves. I knew beforehand, what kind of folk the Border people were, well enough—I knew they were coarse and uneducated, but I was not prepared for the rudeness of their manners, and the grossness and often indecency of their speech. They were all very kind to me, the herd's student son, my father's master the kindest of them all; but my quiet lodging in Glasgow, with its books and studies, and the intercourse I had had with the Professors in their own houses as well as in the class-

rooms, and with Mr. Walkinshaw and his family, had given me a taste for society better and higher, than was to be usually found in Reedsdale. I could not abide the coarse pleasures, in which both the old and the young engaged, and I felt a necessity for a higher style of conversation, than merely about sheep, and crops, or the scandal of the district, which was ever an unfailing topic. As for my father's house, though both my parents were homely enough, in it the fear of the Almighty was so constantly present, and they had so much respect for themselves, that nothing light or offensive ever proceeded out of their mouths; they ever realised that for every idle word they were to render an account, and so were both pure in heart and pure in speech. The purest-minded lady, or the most spiritual-minded man in the land, could never have objected to anything said by them. Our house was only a hind's cottage of a

single room, with two beds—of the box kind common in Scotland and Northumberland—the floor was earthen, the furniture poor and scanty. Over head there was only a bass mat to keep out of sight the rafters and the tiles, and the bare ochered walls, innocent of plaster, were seen here and there, through a similar covering. My mother's cow occupied a little stall opposite the door as you entered, under the same roof, and only separated from our family room by a coarse partition and slim door fastened simply by a wooden latch, which was opened from the passage by a string, as indeed was the more substantial outer door. Our fireplace projected far into the floor, and we could, on the cold winter nights take shelter within its canopy, and find seats nearly all around it, running the risk—at least a stranger would—of being half-blinded by the sharp acrid peat or wood smoke, for that was our only fuel. And yet

for all their rude abode, and my father's primitive occupation, my parents were not vulgar; they were very homely people, but they were pure in heart, and my experience of their life and conversation, soon disgusted me with the farmers and others that I was now so often asked to visit, where I found manners really coarser, and life more uncivilized than I had believed possible in our Border land. There is little wonder, therefore, that whenever I could, I went to the Manse, where I was always sure to find a welcome, and tastes and habits more congenial to my own.

The time wore on, very soon I should leave for the academy in London. At last the month of October came, when it behoved me to go away again to enter the hall. By rights I should have been examined by the Classis—it was called the Classis of Northumberland then, though the new genera-

tion of ministers have rebaptized it Presbytery after a heretical fashion—before I went, but the Classis did not meet very regularly at that time; indeed Presbyterianism had sunk into a kind of irregular Independency, and sometimes into worse in that county; and the ministers, though they still met now and then in their classical assembly, cared little for the opinion or even judgment of the Presbytery, and did in their own congregations just what seemed good in their own eyes, and in the eyes of their people. And so, as I could not wait for the meeting of the Classis, I rode down to the Manse on my old pony, to get a certificate from Mr. Wood to take with me.

That day was one of the pleasantest I ever remember to have passed, though on my part there was a great deal of sadness mingled with the pleasure. I had to stop all day, for the minister was away visiting

in a far-away glen, and I had to wait till he came home, which was so late that I was forced to stay at the Manse all night. I was to leave the district in two days, and to run the risk of a sea-voyage, and be away for a long time before I could hope to see them again; and as I do believe they had a respect for me by common, though I do not say it ever exceeded mere friendship, they did all they could to make me feel at home, and to keep me cheerful. I often found myself looking fixedly at the elder sister, and once or twice caught her eye fixed on me, which was instantly averted when I met her look; yet I could not bring myself to speak to her on any of the many occasions, which the younger sister gave us as she bustled about attending to the housekeeper's duties—for these girls were house-rulers by turns, for a week at a time. Anne was constantly rallying me in her comings, and goings about

the fine ladies I would see in London, who would soon put out of my head all the Border lassies, and make me think little of the plain folk of the country-side. And I blushed and stammered, and said: "No, there was no fear of that I am sure, there are some of the Border lassies I never will forget," and as I said so, I looked with my red sheepish face—for I know I looked foolish and sheepish then—full on Jane, who laughed and blushed and looked down, but said never a word; but Anne made up for her silence, for she clapped her hands and laughed and said: "Hear how gallant Mathew's grown all at once. Had you no better take one of these Border lassies to keep house for you when you're away; that would be better than minding them, I think;" and she went on in the same strain for a good while, joking and laughing at me as young lassies that are heart-whole

too frequently do. So that I grew very uncomfortable, and would gladly have gone away, late as it was, but I could not. I feel morally sure now, though I had my doubts then, that the elder sister had a glimmering of what I meant, though it was clear the younger thought it only unmeaning gallantry —to think of me being gallant indeed!

As the next day was likely to be the last I would be at home till I had finished my studies altogether, and came back to get licence from the Classis, I left the Manse very early, that I might spend the whole of it with my mother. I was away before the Manse people were up, having taken farewell of them all the night before; but when I had gotten fairly out bye the grounds, I looked back and saw a face at a window up-stairs, which I felt certain was Jane's, and I rode away with my heart beating high under the thought that she did care for me

after all, and would mind me when I was away. Had I been bold enough to say my say then, there's no saying but Jane Wood might have been Mrs. Paxton at last, and sure am I, that I should have been a better theologian had I done so, for uncertainty in such a thing as this disturbs the mind, and is not at all conducive to sober study and to mental labour; for how can it be expected that a man in love can master such books as Jonathan Edwards on the "Freedom of the Will," or any other like it, and their name is legion in theology?

That night was almost a repetition of my first leaving home to go to Glasgow College. I had conducted the worship of our household all this summer; I do not know anything that did me more good, or was so pleasing to me as that; but this night my father stood forth again the household priest and king, and earnest and fervent were his

supplications for guidance to me, and strength in time of need. My parents respected me now as much as they loved me, and my mother said often that if she only saw me in the "pilpot" she would gladly lay herself down to die. It was a night sad, yet not without its measure of hopeful gladness, for it seemed the beginning of the end to us all. My father and myself started very early next morning for Newcastle. Berwick was a nearer port, it is true, and had ships that went to London, but my father had often been at Morpeth with sheep, and in Newcastle too, and so he preferred that I should sail from that place rather than from Berwick. We had a long dreary two days' journey over the hills and fells, me riding on the pony, and my father walking by my side. My chest had been sent in the beginning of the week by an eggler to Kelso, to meet the Edinburgh and Newcastle carrier; and when

we got to that town we found that a collier brig was to sail the next morning. And so the next day I parted with my father and went aboard the ship lying at the Side, I think they called the place, and we set sail. After five days that I can say little about—for I was sick and uncomfortable all the time—we arrived at the mouth of the Thames, and having sailed up that river in the strangest manner, sometimes broadside on, sometimes the right end foremost, sometimes the wrong, among a whole fleet of collier ships, we at last, on the evening of the seventh day, in the midst of a dense fog settling rapidly down on the river, and the city, cast anchor in the Pool at London.

CHAPTER VI.

I SLEPT on board the brig that night, for it was getting too late for one so simple as I was to go on shore myself, and nobody could be spared to conduct me to a decent house. The next day I was taken by the mate, to whose charge my father had intrusted me, to a respectable house, the "Mitre," a tavern on Fish Street Hill, just a little below the Monument, where I stayed for a few days, and was very quiet and comfortable; and my bill, though I thought

it high at the time, was really very moderate considering. I never have forgotten my first day in London; the mate—the ship was lying with locked hatches still—took me to see the Tower, we went through Wapping and round Tower Hill, and then up the Minories, and Leadenhall Street to the Exchange, and last of all to the Cathedral of St. Paul's, where we had to pay money to get in, which I thought very strange; and at night, to the General Post-office to see the mails start; they had not been long established on Mr. Palmer's plan then, and it was one of the sights of London, and really I thought it a very fine one, to see them dash off one after the other, with their red-coated guards and coachmen, and prancing horses. The grandeur of the streets—though having seen the Trongate of Glasgow, I expected that they would be wider and nobler; and the curious old bridge, with its antique

water-works, interested me very much, and I was constrained to own that London was far grander than either Glasgow—which was my *beau-idéal* of a large town—or Newcastle, which I had so lately seen. The crowds of people far surpassed anything that I had fancied, so vast were the numbers continually passing and repassing all the day along the streets. I was wearied at last, and the mate of the brig parted with me half-angrily, because I would not go to the theatre with him to finish the day, as he called it, and so I was left in my inn to my own thoughts.

The next morning, after I had breakfasted, I went away to call at the Academy, and to deliver to one of the tutors, a letter of introduction, and the certificate I had gotten from Mr. Wood. It was only then, when I adventured on the noisy streets alone for the first time, that I fairly realized London in one of its phases. Oh, how desolate and

deserted I felt, and how helpless, when I found myself all at once in the middle of the crowd, almost deafened by the roar of carts, waggons, and coaches over the stony streets. It seemed to me like entering a Pandemonium, and I was fain to creep along as close to the wall as I could get, for fear I should be jostled on to the pavement, among the cars and vehicles constantly passing. It happened to be Guy Fawkes' day, and the streets, which had been noisy from very early in the morning, with people going and coming from Billingsgate, were now absolutely roaring with the masses of people who were either proceeding to their business, or escorting the ugly figures, men were carrying from door to door, in commemoration of that hardened Popish assassin, who wanted to blow up King James and his Parliament. I was frightened at first, when I saw the fierce crowds, who surrounded these fearsome

effigies. I minded well the old saying, which a youth from Edinburgh had once learned me at our school among the hills. "The gunpowder plot will never be forgot so long as Edinburgh Castle stands upon a rock;" but we never took heed of those days in the North, and the Guys that I saw in every street now, and was asked to give something to, I had no conception of before this day. Wherever I went, there I saw them, in Eastcheap, and Gracechurch Street, and at the Exchange, and before Cripplegate Church, they were, indeed, to be seen everywhere; I was on my way to Redcross Street, for the Academy was there, and so were the Guys.

The house in which the Academy was located, was very near that in which the library of the celebrated Dr. Williams is still kept. The Academy itself had been brought to this place at the first, from the

little town where it was founded, for the sake of being near this famous library. But even in my time, none of us orthodox students had access to it, its curators had become heterodox, and the rich stores of old theology, left by that good man, for the advantage of all the right-thinking dissenters, were now in the hands of those degenerate representatives of the old Heywoods, Newcomes, Henrys and Williams, the Socinians, who deny both the inspiration of the Scriptures and the Divinity, and consequently the real work of our Lord Jesus. It was an old house, which they tell me—for I have only once visited London since my college days were ended—is now either entirely rebuilt, or at least refronted in a modern fashion, and stood between the wall of the prison and the old charity school. Our academy was nearly opposite a strange old house, with a high, very steep roof, liker the houses one sees in pictures of German

and Flemish towns, than our English houses usually are. Before this building I walked about for a good while, feeling very sad and lonely, looking up to its windows, and debating with myself, whether I should go in, and face the officials within its walls that day, or put off till the next, my first appearance in the Theological Academy. It is true my experience in Glasgow had given me a confidence in myself, that was not in my nature originally, but the vastness of this London, the continued roar of its bustling crowded streets, which filled even this quiet Redcross Street with multitudinous noises, feared me, and made me hesitate and debate a long time with myself, whether I should enter then or no. Mr. Hughes, the gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction, I had seen a good many times before, and Mr. Peters, the other tutor, I had been introduced to during one of my summer vacations, and he had,

the week he stopped at the Craig, taken a good deal of notice of me, as he expected that I would soon be one of his students. But I felt it was a different thing meeting these gentlemen in Northumberland, and meeting them in this great city, where I supposed they must be personages of so much note. I did not know till experience taught me, how insignificant they were in the estimation of the inhabitants of this modern Babylon, for with us country people, a London minister, even though he could not preach near so well as our own ministers did, was a personage, a great man to whom all were ready to bow.

At last I made bold to enter, and was directed by a decent-looking man to go up-stairs. It seemed that the house was used for more purposes than one, for he pointed out to me, painted on the wall, "Academy, Nos. 16 & 17," so I went up

the stairs, and found at the top of the first flight a dark door, on which "16" could be barely discerned. I was amazed at the size of the house after I got into it; there were a series of rooms on the ground floor, and a second series on the story where I found "16," and above, I fancy were the homes of some of the officials of the place. I had learnt that there was no use knocking at these doors, for there was never any answer to a knock, save a growl which I could not understand, and I suppose that every one who made the experiment would be like me, so I opened the door and went in. I found what the French call an apartment when I had done so, first there was a little square lobby or vestibule, from which three rooms opened, one on the right, and one on the left, and the third right in front. The door of the latter was open, and I went right forward into it, for there was light

before me, while the vestibule itself was exceedingly dark. I found a place when I entered, with a counter around its walls, having a small fire close upon the entrance door, before which was an old broken chair. There was a very shabby little man sitting on the counter, to whom I at once addressed myself, as I thought he must be the guardian of the Academy, he was, however, only a visitor like myself, though evidently more accustomed to the place, and to the ways of London than me. He continued to sit swinging his legs about, after he had told me that the attendant, he called him secretary, would be back immediately. So I sat down on the broken chair, and waited patiently, contrasting as I waited the clerk of my old college at Glasgow, with the secretary of this little dissenting academy, who could afford to be away so long during his business hours.

While I was musing, a tall young man entered the room; I did not like his face then, and I saw no reason to change my opinion all the time I was at College. He was older than me by a year or two, dark complexioned, and had a very supercilious air with him, that was disagreeable to me; as he came in the lounging man on the counter said, "that is Mr. James, he will give you any information you want." But though he said so, the man that had come in, in place of paying any attention to me, began to tell his friend—who I found afterwards had been keeping the office for him, while he had been away teaching for an hour, and this during the time he should have been at hand for any one that called—all the news he had gathered during his absence from his own post. When he had come to an end, he condescended to notice me, and asked abruptly "And what do *you* want?" I almost ex-

pected from the air of scorn he put on, and the tone in which he addressed me, that he would add, "you lame beggar," or some other slighting epithet of the same kind. I would not have been surprised if he had, for though I was peculiarly sensitive of any reflections on my personal deformities, I absolutely longed for some cause of personal quarrel with him.

"I am newly arrived from Northumberland," I answered as calmly as I could, "and intend to be a student in the Academy for a couple of years. I have letters for Mr. Hughes, which I wish to deliver, and I know Mr. Peters, a little. Can you tell me if I can see either or both of them now, for I have something to say to them before I can join the Academy?"

"How can *I* tell?" the Secretary James answered in the rudest possible tones. "Peters will not be here till this evening,

and if you knew anything of the Academy," this he said with a sneer, which nearly caused me to take him by the throat, so angry did it make me, "you know also that he lives near Sadler's Wells, and you can see him there, in his lodgings, if you choose. It is not in this place that he is likely to be to-day, and him to deliver the introductory lecture of the term to-night. Hughes lives in Islington; if you like to walk to his house, you may see him there, I fancy."

"I came here," I answered as coolly as I could, producing a letter I had received, "and in this it is stated that the Secretary, Mr. James, will be happy to give every information, about the classes and the professors. If you do not know, about these things, you should not have allowed the like of that to be sent to country lads like me, who do not know London, and come here thinking they have a right to

ask for information about the Academy, and are sure to get it."

"Do you hear the country lout!" James said in an aside to his friend, who still sat dangling his legs against the drawers in the counter, which formed his seat, whom I had fancied before, but was now sure, was an Irishman. "Do you hear how he speaks to me? What! have I nothing else to do, think you, but answer questions, and teach you the way to *walk* about London? I should think I have. Peters you can see, and Hughes too, I dare say, if you can *walk* this length in the evening. Peters begins at seven o'clock, and after the lecture is over, you can speak to him if you like."

He put an emphasis on the word *walk*, which he repeated twice; and it angered me very greatly, for I took it, as it really was meant, as a reproach on my deformity,

and I well knew that no man of good manners, or common sense would have used it so offensively, nor would the Trustees of the College have permitted it in their presence or at all if they could help it. I was gradually kindling; my own innocent heart, though I say it myself, would have kept me from such rudeness towards any one, as I had received, and especially from any reflection, such as Mr. Secretary had thought fit to use. I put constraint on myself, however, and only further asked:

"Can you tell me, then, where the Treasurer is to be found? He is a cousin of mine, and perhaps from him I may get the information *you* refuse to give me. I know it is somewhere in Coleman Street; but will *you* direct me to the place?" I continued, turning to the lolling figure on the counter.

"Is it Mr. Douglas you mean?" said he.

"Yes, it's Mr. Douglas, the merchant," I answered.

I saw that an instant change came over James, who, while he supposed me a person unknown, and without friends, was outrageously insolent and supercilious; but now that he knew I was related to the Treasurer, his own paymaster, would have been as much the reverse, had I permitted him. I obtained in a much gentler tone the direction I wanted, and then left the place, with the purpose, though I did not tell Mr. James of it, of coming back and seeing the tutors at seven o'clock.

Mr. Douglas was a man of a thousand: I have never seen anything like him, neither before nor since. He was a Scotsman from the county of Galloway, from the town of Castle Douglas, and was, up to the time of his death, one of the keenest

and most patriotic Scotsmen in London. When I called at his place in Coleman Street, I was ushered into the presence of a man about the middle size, with a grave, bronzed face, that inspired you with reverence. His hair was white, his features high and large, his eyes a dark grey, a little too light for hazel, and his eyebrows very large, thickly covered, and of a darker iron-grey than the hair, but he seemed withal vigorous and energetic. There was an air of calm repose and strength about the massive features, which commanded your attention, and sagacity was so apparent on them, that at once you set him down as one whose word was never lightly spoken. For many years before my time, he had been a leading man among the Presbyterians—I should rather say, among the Christians of London; and though he never equalled the richer Presbyterian

merchants from Scotland and Northumberland, who formed then, as they tell me they do still, the ruling class in our churches there, where to be wealthy, is the chief thing required, he had been the chief man for many years in the London Wall eldership, and the chief *doer* of Scottish and Presbyterian business in London. Mr. Douglas was a truly pious man, and famed far and wide for his wisdom, as I afterwards learned, so that my notion of his character was judicious enough—and was able to give wise counsels, which wise men are not always able to do. I have never—nor has the Church in England, he so much loved—ever seen his equal. But he has gone away to his rest, and his works do follow him. I mind I heard of his death first amid the ruins of an ancient Border keep, under whose shadow a little meeting-house and Manse

are sheltered, and I felt that I had lost a friend indeed.

I delivered my letter to Mr. Douglas, for though he was a relative, I had never seen him before, and it was only the letter of a stranger, that introduced me to him. I cannot help even still, when my mind goes back to these old scenes, contrasting the mode in which he received me, with the insolence of the man employed at the Academy—for though he was busy, and I saw him leave a ledger to come and speak to me—he was as attentive as I could desire, and gave me all the information I wished for, and then asked me to come and see him at his own house, with such an aspect of kindness and protection that I felt myself quite at home and comfortable with him at once. I made no claim of kindred, nor did I mention the insolence of James; but I resolved, should I be subjected to the like

again, that I should inform Mr. Douglas of the whole, and claim his special protection, as a lamiter and a kinsman.

I went home to my inn again, when I left Coleman Street. In the interval the Guys had increased considerably, and the carts, carriages, and people also, and so I was very near losing my way, as I had done in Glasgow. And little wonder would it have been, for the wild boys in the direct line of street, set after me as a guy myself, and to avoid them, I had to turn down a street, close by the Mansion House, and after a whiles very intricate navigation, through little quiet streets, and past queer old churches and churchyards, I found my way to the river—my only landmark—just above London Bridge, so I turned down Thames Street, and got safe to the "Mitre" at last. I spent the whole of the afternoon there, in a little dark back room, which, the last time I was

in London, they called the parlour—then it was kept for the lodgers in the house alone—until it was time to go out again to see Mr. Hughes, and hear his first lecture for the season.

During that afternoon, I could not help cogitating a great deal on the bloody nature of the old papists, which the mob was holding up to the mind of every thinker that day. It was the fashion then to run down and disparage our Northern Reformers very much, and I am not sure that I did not participate some little, in the prejudice against Knox and some of the others; but I could not help thinking that afternoon, that this plot—which, so far as I knew, as clearly showed the nature of Popery as anything else—must have been a very diabolical one. For allowing that the rabble are ever prone to make holidays, and to seize occasions for idleness and play, how comes it that they

should, above all others, celebrate in such a remarkable way this one failure, and pass over so many glorious incidents in our annals? One would think the victory over the Armada, far more likely to be the theme of such an anniversary, and yet the people have passed it entirely over, and have taken the Gunpowder Plot instead. And I concluded, that the latter must have been really more frightful, and have appealed to the imagination and fears of the people more powerfully than the former, and I thought that, therefore, it showed better to us how bad Popery was, than anything else.

CHAPTER VII.

At seven o'clock I was punctually at Redcross Street. When I entered No. 16, I saw the door on the left hand open, which had been shut in the morning, and I went in. It was a large, square, low-roofed room, lighted by a lamp hanging from the ceiling, right above a long narrow table covered with black leather, which stretched across the breadth of the room, on the middle of which stood a high desk, and in front of the desk another long broad table extended, so that the two together were like the letter T. On

the desk stood two lighted tallow candles, and alongside of the table in front, were a range of forms with backs, and a number more at the sides of the room, set out apparently for visitors. To me, fresh from, and accustomed to, the regular lecture halls of Glasgow, it had a strange poverty-stricken appearance, but when I looked more narrowly around, I saw that the room was relieved somewhat, by a series of glazed book-cases, full of books, as it seemed, and jealously locked. The room was three parts filled with people as I entered, and more continued to flow in till it was crowded. About ten minutes past the hour, the Professor Hughes, made his entry, be-wigged and be-gowned, to deliver his lecture. Mr. Hughes was a man from the Shire of Ross, who had been in England for a good many years, in one of the northern towns. He had been very unsuccessful as a preacher—so much so, that when he was

expected at stranger chapels, the people generally stayed away; by his own people it was said he was liked—and I know that I always liked him well—but he did not succeed even in keeping the little flock he had together; they scattered away to other churches, and left their own minister to preach to a mere handful—and so he was next thing to starved out. Mr. Hughes was for all that, a man of considerable ability in his own way; a regular hunter into Ecclesiastical Antiquities; a capital church lawyer, and a very sound divine, whose word was conclusive either as to law or doctrine, but partaking withal of a good deal of the dry mustiness of the antique documents, he delighted to ponder over. I thought two things when I first heard him: that he was the poorest and driest preacher I ever had listened to, and the most conceited speaker of English—I had been accustomed to hear English spoken

plainly before, but his was the most hyperbolical English ever heard—poor man! it was English with Rosshire improvements, which as the people there spoke nothing but Gaelic at that time, must have been very valuable. But then Mr. Hughes was as kind a man, as I ever met with, and ever ready to do a kind turn to any one, so that it did not compromise himself. I have no right to find fault with him at all, but I have resolved to set down in this true history, all that I have observed, as well as all that I have passed through. Here then is a portrait of my chief professor: a small thin man about forty, his hair very much grizzled, with a very good, kind face, which was injured very slightly by a pompous and self-important air, with Geneva gown and bands. Mr. Hughes was closely followed by his coadjutor, Mr. Peters, who also was a native of Scotland. Peters was a stout florid man,

nearly the same age as his fellow-tutor; his hair yellowish in hue, and rapidly growing thin, and with a burly magisterial air and gait, far liker a dominie than a divinity tutor. And in truth, honest man, he had been, the most part of his life, the terror of boys, for he had a large school in the suburbs for years' after he came to London. He had come as a minister, however, but after a few years trial had so signally failed in satisfying his congregation, that he had been compelled to resign, and thus he, like Mr. Hughes, had obtained all the then requisites for a professorial chair in our Academy; he had emptied a church, and dispersed a goodly congregation, before he was elected Tutor of Divinity, and teacher of Hebrew to the institution in Redcross Street. I do not say, that the trustees of the Academy considered those as special and necessary acquirements, I dare say these were the two best men they

could get, when they wanted them; but I am certain of this, that the public universally said that it was for that special reason that they were promoted. My tutors then were men who had failed entirely in their first attempt, and had now entered on a second, with this apparently as their chief qualification, that they had been unsuccessful before.

The company assembled, was a very heterogeneous one. Of the student part, or those I fancied the students, I shall have to speak somewhat afterwards. I did not see any whose face I liked save one, and as he appeared very assiduous in his attentions to a young lady, I did not fancy he was a student at all, till I saw him at the class next day. I was not a little surprised to see the secretary, Mr. James, occupying the principal place reserved at the table for the students, and having as his companion, the Mr. Lilly I had seen dangling his legs on the counter,

in the other room in the morning. One of the young men whispered to me, that James had been an usher in the school of Mr. Peters at Islington, and so had gotten the place of secretary. The rest of the company were mostly ladies, who patronised Mr. Hughes—he was a bachelor—on all occasions, and even attended his sermons when he preached, which was but seldom—Dr. Hunter, the famous minister of London Wall Church, of whose session Mr. Hughes was an elder, having too great a respect for his people, to inflict the Professor on them often. There were present in all about twenty queer-looking students—perhaps I was the queerest-looking of them all, but then I was M.A. of Glasgow—and about twice as many ladies, with a few grave-looking men who filled the place of honour, and whom I afterwards learned were the trustees.

The lecture was an attempted refutation

of some of the conclusions of Gibbon. It seemed to me very lame, impotent, and inconclusive, though the folk present ruffed the lecturer at certain parts. I do not think I am a bad hand at metaphysics, but somehow I never could see the force of those metaphysics which were so greatly in vogue when I was at the Academy. The Professor was a very decent man in his way, and could pretty plainly put before us, what other people had thought or done, with a good deal of parade as if it was his own, but as for original thinking, or breaking through old conventionalities, I never either saw, or heard any attempt made. The first lecture was as misty as possible, and though now, after the interval of fifty years, I have the notes of it lying before me, and have a half-century's additional knowledge and experience since then to aid me, I can see as little

force now as I did then, in the arguments of Tutor Hughes.

After the lecture, all the students were invited to stay, and so I waited with the rest, and then our names were enrolled, and I paid my fees for the session. Mr. Hughes was very kind, and spoke to me a good deal; as for Peters, I thought he turned up his nose at me, though the peculiarity of my lameness should have made him know me so much the easier. He did worse than slight me, he ill-used me, as I fancied, very grossly. "I had no certificate from the Classis of Northumberland, forsooth, and therefore it behoved me accordingly, to be examined by the committee before I could enter," he had taken my two guineas, and was chinking them in his hand all the time he spoke, and never offered to return them to me, "it was of the greatest im-

portance to the character of the Academy, that thorough-bred students—and not country lads, raw and unlearned—should alone be allowed to enter." My anger rose as he continued so insolently to speak to me, though I outwardly trembled, and by my evident discomposure encouraged him to go on in the same strain a little farther. At last I could stand it no longer, and said as quietly as possible, and with a shaking voice:

"But, Mr. Peters, there is no need of telling *me* thi ; I am a Master of Arts of Glasgow College."

"Where is your diploma then," he returned in an incredulous tone.

"Why, I did not bring it with me to-night; I did not think it necessary, nor do I yet," I continued in a more angry tone, as I saw the sneering unbelief of his face. "I am by no cause compelled to study

here. The Divinity Halls of Edinburgh, and Glasgow are both open to me, and much nearer home too, and I can easily be in time for either of them yet. I did not come here to be insulted, I can assure you, and so if you do not receive me on this certificate of Mr. Wood, my old minister, I shall not come back here any more. You had better, Sir, hand me back my money. If you do not receive me as a student, you will surely not think of keeping that, and I fancy it is rather too much to pay for admission to this room, to hear one lecture."

He drew in his horns at once. "You cannot think that I want to insult you, or any person else. All I want is to secure the welfare of the Academy, and that I must have in view at the enrolling of every student whencesoever they come."

"Yes," I answered, "but I have ever been in the habit of speaking the truth, and

will not have my word doubted by any one; besides, Mr. Peters, you know my old minister, and have no right to doubt his certificate, even though my word be worthless; you know that he would not say what was untrue. But I see my best course is to leave this place and go back to Glasgow."

Peters looked sadly crestfallen and nonplussed, a very common thing with such as override their authority, and are constrained the best way they can to draw back, and so he spoke to Mr. Hughes and Mr. Douglas, and as both of them urged me stay, I agreed, and was fairly entered on the books of the institution, for that session at least.

I saw from that little controversy, that a threat to leave the Academy was all-powerful with Peters. His nature was so mean, his power so very limited, out of the institution, that if this occupation was gone, he would be helpless. I afterwards saw him cringe,

absolutely cringe, to a student rather than allow him to go away. The man was essentially a pedant, and a bully, bred in a charity school, he added to the cringing, and bullying propensities so commonly acquired in such places, the pedantry of his pedagogical profession, and the commingling of these qualities, rendered him one of the most insufferably disagreeable persons I ever met. And yet he had some good points about him too; he was a first-rate teacher so long as he confined himself to his own department, a little apt to contradict himself it is true, when he forgot the explanations he had originally given of a Greek or Hebrew word, but on the whole a good teacher, while a most overbearing despot over all that would succumb to him.

I returned to my inn in great disorder and perplexity, debating with myself, whether after all, it would not be best to leave

London, and go to Glasgow. I had come here by my own express desire, for I wished to be an English minister, but this man feared me, and I did not very well know what to do. I was very downcast that night, and sitting in the little back room of the "Mitre," I began to write a letter to my mother, in which I told her that my troubles had really begun, and that I did not know well what to do.

CHAPTER VIII.

But I stayed still in London. All the session I was teased by Peters, he made a mock at me for my pronunciation, and criticised very harshly, and I thought very unjustly, the exercises I wrote. Me! that had taken ever so many prizes and was an M.A. of Glasgow! I felt it too bad to be derided now, and laughed at by a man who owed his place, as Peters did, to his incapacity for the office I was aspiring to. I learnt Hebrew from him or rather with him, for he

was only a lesson or two ahead of the class, and very often we made up to him, and tripped him up which, honest man, he did not at all like. I got on very well with the other tutor, Mr. Hughes. I remember both were in the habit of giving breakfasts occasionally to three or four of the students at a time, and they tried with all their might to be affable and courteous to us; Peters, whose house I went to twice, never got farther than condescension, which I liked as little then, from him, as I have done all my life, when fine ladies and gentlemen have tried to patronize the dissenting minister, so I gave up going to his parties, while on every occasion that I could find, I went to Mr. Hughes with a great deal of pleasure.

I never got on with James, the Secretary, at all; I don't think I spoke to him once all the session, till just at its close, when somehow we were thrown together one night

on our way home. Mr. Lilly, the Irishman who had dangled his legs so perseveringly the first day, tried very hard to make friends of me, and asked me one night to call on him at his lodging, and as I wanted to be friendly with all my fellow-students, I went to a place behind Gray's Inn Lane to call on him. It was a little back street where he had lived all the time he had been in London; Lilly wanted me to come and live with him, to pay half the rent of his room, and occupy half of his bed; but that did not suit me at all—I had resolved never to be so confined, and especially with a man I knew so little of; I have all my life, however, laboured under the difficulty of saying "No" with a good grace, and so I tried to put him off without a direct and explicit denial, which was the worst thing I could have done, as he continued to teaze me all the session about it. I had gotten another lodging through Mr.

Douglas, near the Academy, and did not wish to change, and so if there had been no other reason, I would have refused point-blank if I could.

I only had two acquaintances among the students. One of them was the young man whose face I had liked at the opening lecture, and whom I found afterwards to be the son of a clergyman of the Established Church, but now engaged in business in the city, from which he got away each day to attend the classes. He had been educated at one of the famous English schools, Winchester, I think, and was a first-rate scholar, though he had been at no College, and his station in life being better, and his appearance more prepossessing than that of the rest of the students, he became a great favourite with Peters, and with me. I had the second day taken my seat beside him at the table, and we got very intimate, and as our way home

lay in the same direction we always walked together. Mr. Cook was, indeed, a very fine young lad, and would have been a very useful man in the Church I have little doubt, if he had only gone forward to the ministry, but he was, as I afterwards found out, engaged to the young lady I had seen with him, and both his own friends and hers were opposed to his becoming a dissenting minister—for they called all us Presbyterians, dissenters; though it is well known that we are of the old stock, as independently reformed from Popery as the Episcopalians are—and, poor fellow, what with the constant reproaches of his mother and friends, and what with the entreaties and tears of his intended, who, I fancy, was anxious to be married at once, and not to put off till he had finished his studies and gotten a kirk; at the end of the first year he resolved, as he had a good opening in a business way,

to marry, and commence as a merchant, which he did to the great anger and disgust of the professors, and the infinite regret of myself. On looking over all my intercourse with Mr. Cook, I have little doubt that what drew me to him was his careful abstinence from personal allusions—these I always felt keenly—for while he was full of wit, and joked, and bantered all he came into contact with, there never was the least thing that could cause a moment's pain either in look or word.

My other friend, Mr. Weaver, was the very opposite of Mr. Cook both in appearance and manners. He was a Glasgow man, and had partly studied there to become a schoolmaster, for that was the utmost height of his young ambition, working for his daily bread all the time he was at College, as a hand-loom weaver. He had not finished the course of study required there, however, but had come

to England, at the end of his third session, to be teacher of a school, at a factory, set up by one of the iron-masters of Warwickshire, where he had been for a good many years, till at last he determined on the ministry. He was a man about three, or four-and-thirty, with vulgar manners, and a most literal intellect, and withal so ill-natured, that he was universally disliked by all the young men in the Academy, with the exception of Cook and myself, for he was continually saying ill-natured things to them all. I always had, though I say it myself, a great deal of the milk of human kindness about me, and never set down people as ill-natured till I had experienced it *in propriâ personâ*. Weaver was a man of the middle size, with a long, coarse, sensual face, and neither in shape nor countenance belied the essential vulgarity, and meanness of his manners. I believe a whole lifetime in good society would have

made no change in him, nor put on a particle of polish. His whole life had been spent in a struggle, for life or death, with the most crushing poverty, and now—he was teaching and made about two pounds a week—a little richer than ever all his life before, he set up for a gentleman, and aped as well as he could, the impertinencies, not the manners, of one. Poor fellow! he might mix with gentlemen, have a sufficiency of means at his command, and yet he never could be a gentleman, he was so innately coarse and vulgar, that no gilding or lacker could ever conceal the base metal within.

And yet this man had a noble heart, and for years had sacrificed himself and his hopes, in order that he might establish his family in some way of well-doing. I remember as well as if it were yesterday, the story he told me of what he had passed through. At sixteen, he had gone to College; his parents

lived at Camlachie, near Glasgow, and he had been since ever he could work, employed either winding pirns for his father, who was a weaver, or weaving himself, and that he had begun to do by the time he was ten years old.

"I have been working all my life, Paxton," he said to me one afternoon; he was taking tea with me. "My father had been a soldier in his young days, and at the end of the American War, he came home. He had been married to my mother twelve or fiteen years before, and I am their eldest son, and was born in the city of Canterbury, so you see I am a citizen of no mean city after all; I must go down to see my calf-ground while I am in London. My father had a pension, and that with his work at the loom, did very well for a while; and then, I had been winding pirns, and on the loom a good while before he came back. I used to wind pirns

before school-time and after it too. All the time I had to learn my lessons, was at night, after the man who employed me had dropped work; and from the day that I was six years old, I do not mind ever having any play-hours, as other boys had—it was pirns and lessons continually. My mother had two bairns younger than me, and so a great deal of work fell to my share. But after my father was home a while, the price of webs fell, and the meal grew dear, and my loom had been empty for a while, to let me get on with my schooling, and so, when I was about twelve, my father got another web from the warehouse for me, and I was set on the treadles again. I had only just begun two years before, and was no hand at the work at all. I looked upon it as a great promotion at the first—I was attending the school all this time, mind, Paxton—but I soon found it was a still more serious

slavery than pirns winding. There I was, from four in the morning, winter and summer even on till school-time, and when the school came out, at it again till late at night. And so I continued till I was sixteen. By this time, my second brother had gotten a loom too, and the youngest one —all the rest died young—was winding for us, helping my mother. My father had always meant me for something better than a hand-loom weaver, and so I had been kept at school, even while working so hard and long, and now that I could keep myself, I was sent to College. All the time I was there—that was three full sessions—I wrought away the same as ever, working every morning till eight, so that I just had jimp time, to get my breakfast and be at the College gate by nine. In this way I passed through these sessions; and that I only got one single prize was surely not to

be wondered at, considering that I was on the loom continually when at home, and that all my lessons were learnt there. I got through, I must say, pretty well on the whole, and though I had to work hard, I was still very happy.

"Just before the commencement of the fourth, which would have been my last session, to which I was looking forward with more interest than I had done to any of the others, my father was taken seriously ill. He was much older than my mother, though still a strong likely man, his constitution had been much weakened among the American woods and swamps, and a wound he had received at Saratoga, began to give him a great deal of trouble; so he was laid up from work during the summer, and as the wage of hand-loom weavers was very small, and the pension—though it was a great help—could not keep them and all my brothers

could win as yet, was not enough for the rent, or little more, it behoved me to stay at home, and do all I could to help. That was about the hardest trial I ever passed through, and I have had a good many pretty hard ones, in my time. Well, Paxton, my father died about the end of the year, and then I was left the head of the family, and the chief bread-winner of the household. It was just at the end of the quarter that my father died, and after a good deal of trouble we got what of his pension was due, which did not half clear the funeral expenses, and the doctor's bill; we had been extravagant in that particular, for I had brought the first doctors out from Glasgow to see him, and, done all that medicine could possibly do to save his life, but the Lord's time had come, and it behoved him to go to his rest, and me to take his place. I was not without those who counselled me to let my mother

and the boys 'warstle through the best way they could' while I went on with my studies, but I never heeded them. I was even offered a bursary of ten pounds for the session, and free tickets for all the classes, by one of the Professors, if I would enter the College a little before my father's death, but I could not see my duty in that course, which would lead me to neglect the widow so solemnly left to me, and the fatherless boys who looked up to me to teach them a trade to live by, nor take money I had not won, while duty clearly pointed to the course I took. So I left the College and my studies for a time.

"After my father's death I took upon me all the duties of the head of the house, and wrought as hard for their daily bread as I could do; I was young and strong, and the long hours I had accustomed myself to work and study, had used me to do with little sleep, and so I was soon making more for

my own hand than my father had done for years, even with the pension, and I looked after the learning of my brothers besides, and made them both fair scholars, and I hope showed them how to be good men. But, do not think that I ever gave up the thoughts of something higher. I must say, though I have seen people of many trades, and many ranks, I have found few classes in which the fear of God and love of their neighbour, was so prevalent as among the poor hand-loom weavers of Camlachie, and Bishop Briggs—for we moved there a while after my father's death—they on the whole set such a good example to their children, and were so ready even out of their deep poverty, to help the widows and the orphans, which a year of scarcity or a bad fever so often made. I got my mother to flit to Bishop Briggs, because a man, a far-off friend of ours, who lived there, offered to learn me, if I would come,

to work a new kind of loom, by which he was making a little fortune. So we went, and after my day's work was done at home, I used to go to his house, and practise on his loom, till I was as good at that kind of work as he was himself. After that I had learned all I could from him—the weaving I had been used to was then growing very slack—I got one of the new looms set up in the shop attached to our house, and gave my old one to my youngest brother, getting him a web from our old warehouse, when I got one of the new kind for myself. After that time I did well, I made a good wage weekly, and could soon—that is, in two or three years—have saved as much as would have enabled me to attend College for another session, and maybe take a degree—for if I envy you in anything, Paxton, it is in that —but I resolved to put off still longer the accomplishment of this my greatest ambition,

and only after I had taught my brothers my new work, and seen them both in a way and able to do for themselves and my mother, to give up working and take to study again. In this struggle years passed away, we were very comfortable on the whole, had plenty of meat and clothes, but sometimes our poor neighbours were sadly pinched, and we ourselves did what we could to help them, and mind, Paxton, that every shilling given to them was putting off my *hope*, and making it less likely that I should ever be able to realize it. By this time my old desire was lowering, not changing properly, but lowering; I had been intended for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, but now the freshness of early youth had faded, and the prospect of finding a patron had become fainter and less probable, and so now I thought only of a school as my harbour of refuge. When work was slack with me, I had sometimes

taught a few of the neighbour lads at night along with my two brothers, and I liked the work, and fancied I might be as useful to the world teaching children, as if I was to try for the power of teaching the grown up, and not succeed in it; and that is the reason why I never went back to the University to finish my studies.

"At last I got my youngest brother out of his time, for I had bound both of them to myself, and as he was only ten when my father died, and was not bound till a year after, I was nearly seven-and-twenty years old, and had been away from College well on for ten years. I might then have left them to themselves, but though I had learned them both to work my loom, and they could do it nearly as well as me, we had been so hard pressed for the last few years, by bad times and war prices for meal, that what little I had saved, would have been scant

enough for one loom, and my own, being one of the first of the kind in Scotland, was so ill made, that now it was like to fall to pieces as I wrought on it. I was determined not to touch the laid-by money, but resolved to work on, till I could get looms for them both. The lads were very obedient and docile, they looked on me as on a father—for so I had acted ever towards them—and we had always sweetened the breath of the household, by having regular morning and evening worship, which I had conducted from the day my father was laid up with his death sickness, until I left the house to come to England. You, Paxton, have all your days been accustomed to the family worship, and if we stop together, we'll have it regularly; but you have no notion how it soothes, and eases the domestic labours and cares, as I have, who have had to conduct it, when we did not know where the meal

for our morning's 'parritch,' was to come from. Well, I stayed another two years, and by the blessing of God trade was very brisk all the time, and I managed to get the looms; first-rate ones they were, and I tried them both, and wrought out the first web in each, without touching any of the laid-by money, I even added a note or two to it, for we had a common purse, and my mother kept it. When I had been able to do so much, I thought as they were both still so young and inexperienced, I would work a little longer and set them fairly afloat, and see that they did their work well before I left them, and for six months more I stayed; mind, Paxton, that my mother and the lads knew well, that my heart was set on another thing, and that I did not mean to be a weaver all my days, and they were always helpful and eident; and then, having bought a load of meal and a big cheese, and

a ham, I felt that I was at liberty to go away.

"I had been looking out for some time before, and had even spoken to one of my old professors, to tell me if he heard of any situation as a teacher that would suit me; but I continued to work, till I heard of the situation in Warwickshire, from which I have just come to London. I left Glasgow —you, Paxton, know what it is to leave your father's house and go among strangers, and I was a long way older than you, and did not care a pin for strangers; but you never could realize what my feelings were, when called to part with my mother and those two lads. I mind, as well as if it had been yesterday, the morning I left them, and can hardly think of it, or even of them, without tears coming to my eyes, like as if I was a bairn. But I did leave them, and I have been a good while in England,

and comfortable enough till lately, when there came over me a longing for the work to which my father and mother had devoted me; and therefore I have come to take advantage of this privilege afforded by the Academy, and intend to study here. I have good teaching, which will keep me comfortably all the time, and then, if I get a church, good and well, and if not, I will be better able to teach than before."

The pathos of Weaver's story, which, as I only write it down now, after more than forty years have intervened, and amid the remembrances of his querulous fault-findings, and cynical remarks unknown to me when I heard it, fills me with a tender and loving feeling towards the man—filled my eyes with tears then, and induced me to regard him as a man in all points superior to myself. It was told in a shrill, disagreeable voice which pierced the ears, but the recital affected both him and

me to tears, and I could not help thinking then, and I do so now, that the conduct of this man was most noble, and that there were very few, who would have acted in all respects so bravely. There was an abnegation of self—a self-denial and self-sacrifice rare to see at any time, but rarer still in such men as himself, and my heart opened to him, and took him in, and I remembered the line, "Mellowest fruits have roughest rind," and I set him down as one of the few choice ones I should like to call my friends.

And so we agreed to live together for one session, having each our own separate bed-room, but using mine, the larger of the two, as sitting-room and study. It was by no means for my advantage this arrangement, as I found out afterwards; for his teaching occupied so much of his time, that I had often to teach him, when other things demanded my care and attention.

CHAPTER IX.

THE incidents during my two years in the Academy were few. I had to contend with the rancorous ill-will of Mr. Peters, which as it durst not vent itself in any open act, was all the more virulent and pedagogic when I made any slip. Most frequently it showed itself, in sneers and taunts, at the way I spoke and wrote. As to the latter, I had always disliked the pomposity of the Johnsonian style, which then, in the hands of his servile imitators, was becoming

to me very ridiculous, and I preferred to use the clear, vigorous Saxon, which was my vernacular. My style was too low, it wanted dignity and polish, he said frequently, and once he angered me so much, that I flew into a passion, and told him that the style which had carried prizes, and made me an M.A. at Glasgow, before so many able professors and good judges, was surely good enough for this Academy. And at the same time I produced my diploma, and handed it to him, with a request that he would certify himself, that I was really Master of Arts after all. His face flushed, and he looked for a little while sufficiently put out and confused, as I stood holding the document towards him, but though apparently bursting with rage, he said nothing, but desired me, with a wave of his hand, to put the parchment away; but my spirit was up, and I saw by the

other students, that they would like if he was fairly put down, so I said that he had better look at it now, as I would not bring it again to satisfy him at his pleasure. So he took the diploma, glanced over it, and said, "that he was glad to see that I was so after all," but at the same time gave me such a look, as told me it would be all the worse for me afterwards if he ever had any power. Often, also, I tripped him in the Hebrew class, and for all these things he could never forgive me.

With James, the Secretary, I had a quarrel also. I should say, perhaps more correctly, a fresh quarrel. It was after this manner. Mr. Cook and myself thought it very strange, that young men training for the ministry should be liker a parcel of heathens than Christians, never meeting for social devotion at all, though we were to be the leaders of the devotions

of others, and so we resolved, that we would try to have a weekly meeting for prayer, and reading of the Scriptures among ourselves, so that every student might in his turn conduct the devotions, and acquire a facility in expression of desire in prayer, without which a Presbyterian minister is much hampered in his congregational duty. I once knew a minister, indeed, who, for want of this facility of expressing himself in public prayer, was constrained to read his prayers always, and, even thus, frequently stumbled, and often nearly broke down. James, who not only got his education for nothing, but was well paid for his services, such as they were, besides, and some of the elder students opposed us, ostensibly, because the movement originated with the juniors, but really, I believe, from dislike to the exercise. But Mr. Cook and myself were not to be dantoned by James or his

friends. So we spoke to both of the professors, and got encouragement to go on, and then I saw Mr. Douglas, and he granted us the room, and we began to hold our weekly meeting. There were only four of us at first, but by-and-bye one after another joined us, and at last we had a large majority of the students. Thus we went on till near the end of the session, when one day, we happened to be kept so long, that it was dark before the class was over. There had been a meeting in the room that day, and we did not get into it till the usual time for dismissal, and so the candles were lighted a good while before our duties were ended. We stayed at the end to have our worship as usual, and were preparing to begin, when Mr. James very discourteously came in upon us, and, without saying a word, carried off the candles, and put them out before our eyes.

Of course we at once adjourned our meeting, all of us, it may be believed, in great dudgeon at James for his insolence, and we agreed, on the stairs, that we should acquaint Mr. Douglas and the professors. I called on Mr. Douglas, and Cook and Weaver on the professors next day; and the consequence was, that James got such a scolding, and was told peremptorily that he would lose his place if he did anything to annoy us again, that he became more enraged against us than ever, though he took especial pains to keep his anger from breaking out in a way to molest us openly again.

We had another explosion during the first session, in which fortunately I had no hand. It was the habit of Peters, as I have said, to treat us pretty much like school-boys; indeed as he had been for the most part of his life among school-boys, it was, perhaps, not much to be wondered at, and one way he

had in particular, of disregarding altogether the time his lessons or his lectures should close, and this angered the seniors of the class very much. He often continued for half an hour or more after his time was ever, and thus kept us from getting away home, when, perhaps, we had been sitting for three or four hours in the two classes. The elder students got up a little agitation against this, of which James was the ring-leader. Weaver was gained over, and some others of the junior students, to join the elders and refuse to stay after the hour had expired, and when it struck they all agreed to shut their books and prepare to go away. I mind well it was in the Hebrew Class, and, perhaps, as they were the laggards in it, it was to escape some little of the obloquy of ignorance that led many to join in doing so rude a thing. Mr. Cook and myself of the whole class refused any participation in this conspiracy,

but the others were determined to carry it out notwithstanding, and Weaver, who was a continual grumbler, and was ever ready to do an ill-natured thing to others, though so kind and self-denying to his own friends, joined, against our remonstrances, *con amore*, and his accession to their ranks was hailed with acclamations.

The day fated to see this miniature gunpowder plot take effect arrived, and Mr. Cook and myself waited for the Hebrew lesson with a good deal of anxiety. It was the practice of Peters to lecture for an hour on some subject in Scripture Criticism, which was then beginning to make some noise in the theological world, and as he spun out his lectures, partly with the desire to make his instructions plainer, and partly because of the interruptions, which some of the ruder students caused him, by putting questions, it came to pass that often half an hour was

lost, and then the Hebrew lesson on the top of that, we were nearly an hour later than we should be. On that day all went on as usual; he had a longer lecture than ordinary, and had hardly begun the second lesson, when the clock struck the hour of our dismissal. It was Mr. Cook who was reading, and he was allowed to finish without any interruption, but when he finished, and it came to James's turn, they all closed their books and looked to the Professor, as much as to say how do you like that? He did not understand it at first, but as he began to apprehend the plot he became very excited, and was moved nearly to tears, and having required James to go on, and gotten no answer save the shut book, he began to upbraid us roundly for insulting him in such a manner. I could not stand that, and as my book was still open before me, and I had beforehand repudiated the purpose of the

conspirators, I rose and said that I disclaimed for myself any participation in the proceeding, for I thought it to be ungentlemanly, and discourteous in the extremest degree, and Mr. Cook at once rose and homologated my words. Peters looked very thankful, I thought, that the insult did not come from the whole class, and then a young Irishman, who was universally disliked by all the class, followed on the same side, and assured the Tutor, with exuberant Irish hyperbole, that he would do anything rather than countenance an insult offered to him. Our remarks caused James to rise to his feet also, which he did with a malignant scowl on his face, and told the Tutor, that all the students had agreed to resist the long hours, by shutting their books, and that he could not help thinking it very cowardly of some of them now, to retract and try to curry favour with him by disowning any share in the plot. Mr. Peters was terribly

agitated, and brought his class to a very summary conclusion, and for the future never offended so again.

I have set down these things, because I always fancied they had an influence very sinister upon my whole life, and further for the purpose of showing the rude unmannered set of students, there educated. There was not a gentleman in the Academy—at least not one was so in feeling and spirit—with the exception of Mr. Cook; coarse vulgar minds these all were, though it must be confessed that some of them possessed a good deal of vigour. Mr. Cook, though he had been bred, and was constantly occupied, in a merchant's office, was as true a gentleman in appearance and feeling as I ever met. I never pretended to anything of the kind; I was only a Cheviot shepherd's son; but I fancy that I had always cherished gentlemanlike feelings and habits, for I ever felt

my cheeks tingle, and my spirit rise when I saw the rudeness and vulgarity, which took pleasure in hurting the feelings of others, and that was a thing of daily occurrence among us. Perhaps my clear realization of my own deformity made me more sensitive; certainly there was no day passed, all the time I was in London, in which I did not repine over the boorish rudeness of my neighbours. I always loved that which was gentle and mannerly. I always tried to spare the feelings of others, and when I heard the shrill dissonant voice of Weaver, in his too common sarcastic, or ill-natured remarks, or saw the sinisterous gloom, which covered the face of James, as he dropped the poisoned arrows of malicious slander, I felt tempted to strike them to the ground.

Academies such as this one in Redcross Street, I have often thought are more likely to receive students of this character, than the

larger Universities, and to send out men to the active life of the world, much more sectarian, and narrow-minded. They live almost alone in the little world of themselves, and the churches for which they study, being very poor for the most part, and the great majority of the people connected with them, of the ruder and worst educated classes, there is no encouragement to lads of refined minds, to prepare for the ministry among them; indeed I have known instances not a few in which two or three years' contact with grosser natures, such as my fellow-students were, has inflicted great damage upon lads, who, under a better system, would have been high-minded gentlemen. A great change for the better, has certainly taken place in this respect, since my academy days were over. These institutions are all colleges now, and have fine new buildings, and better paid professors; but, yet

I fear that young men who are preparing for the ministry among the English dissenters, and Presbyterians, will still be found sadly deficient in that polite and lofty bearing, and true dignity, which I almost always have seen among the established clergy of England, and Scotland.

One feature which pervaded almost all the students, and which I have often met with since, among the young ministers of the church in England, during these last forty years, and never more frequently than during the last ten, was a scorn, of everybody, but themselves, and conceit in their own superior learning, and a lofty contempt of old ministers like myself, who had been educated, as they say, in the old jog-trot way; and finally, even when at your own table, you are showing them a hospitality they have no claim to at all, a way of addressing you, when they are about to deny any of your

old notions, as "My dear Sir." These men, taken almost every one of them from classes higher than myself, but lacking the advantages I had enjoyed, by the narrowness of their education, do not hesitate to put themselves, on the same or even a higher level, than those who have been educated with lords and gentlemen as their fellow-students and comrades. When I was at Glasgow, we had in the Moral Philosophy Class, the son of an English duke who is now one of the first men in Britain, and Commoners both of Scotland, and England who have taken their place as the foremost of their time, both in Arts and Arms; and at Edinburgh some of my old friends in the ministry, in far-off, and poor Northumberland, had for their companions Brougham, and Jeffrey, and Horner and such great men It is, perhaps, as well that the mass of divinity students for English dissenting places have such blunt—or blunted

feelings, and are so careless of the feelings of others, for I am sure, that the son of a respectable family, accustomed to live in a good house, and to every comfort, and especially to good society, must suffer terribly, both in mind and body, when settled down on sixty or seventy pounds a year, in a place half a score of miles from any town, and with no society with whom he can hold intercourse, but ill-educated farmers and their dependant hinds. Often have I seen men of this better stamp kept all their lives at the starvation point, their small stipends made up by grants from Queen Anne's bounty, or worse, from some charity, which is doled out to them every year in almost infinitesimal doses, by rich secretaries and treasurers in London, and elsewhere, so grudgingly, and only on the receipt of a begging petition, yearly renewed, of so humiliating a character, that the pittance cannot be received without

serious deterioration of their mental character, and yet they must take it to enable them to live. Neighbours of their own class, often not nearer than a dozen or twenty miles, and even then very frequently men with whom it is painful to associate, it is almost an inevitable consequence, that they must become disheartened, and sink down from the high position they should occupy, into the lower level of their people. I could point to many instances during my life, of neighbours who originally—they were all men from Scotland, and the Scottish universities, such as would in a proper sphere, have played a notable part—have sunk down under the influence of these circumstances, and where worse things did not befall them, have ended in making gold their God.

With rare exceptions, the country dissenting ministers of England, are such men as these old fellow-students of my own

were, vulgar men, only a degree elevated at the first, above the mass of their congregations, and each day sinking down to the lower level; and such, I fear, they will continue, overbearing and dogmatic, supercilious, and even insolent when they dare be so, until they are put on a better footing, either by receiving aid in a sufficient amount from the State, or from some other independent channel, which will make them entirely free of dependance on their congregations. All charity dispensed among them for supplement to their poor stipends, does them mentally very serious evil, and cannot fail to lower the tone of their character materially, and great privations must be submitted to, notwithstanding these. From my quiet study here, I can count six churches, no one of which gives its minister fifty pounds a-year, and what more he gets is from the grudging hand of *charitable*

treasurers, who live themselves on two or three thousand a-year, and accompany their remittances of ten or fifteen pounds with a fillip, and often a rebuke to urge the hard-wrought, and often half-fed men, to get their congregations to pay more, so that the *charity* may be eased. Such ministers stand in dread of their people first, and of these *charitable* men afterwards, and being much in the power of the latter, are easily induced to act as spies on their neighbours, who receive it, to please the dispenser. The Lord be praised, I never needed, after the first year, to take such help, and that, together with the bursary, has been paid back for thirty years, for my church is so large, and the people have ever liked my preaching so well, that I have had a comfortable, if not a large income, independent of any foreign aid, but I have watched the working of these so-called Home Missions, and Charity Funds,

and am convinced, that, nothing is so likely to do, or has done so much, to subvert the freedom and dignity of the ministerial character, as having anything to do with them at all.

CHAPTER X.

"Qui palmam meruit, ferat."

I CAN never think coolly of those times, or that Academy, and that must be my apology for the previous chapter. On the whole, I do not think I had to regret going to London, though if I had had a son, he should never have gone, with my will, to study there.

All the time I was in London, I kept up a regular communication with home, sometimes I sent a letter by the Berwick smacks,

to the care of the Jedburgh carrier, and every time the 'John,' that was the collier brig I came up in, sailed, I sent a letter that way to the care of a man in Morpeth, for there was a great cattle and sheep market in that town, every Monday, and some of the neighbour shepherds were always sure to be there, who would give the letter to my father. My mother was very ill-pleased with Mr. Peters' treatment of me, but quite delighted to hear of the kindness of Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Douglas. She wrote me that I should leave London, rather than submit to the insolence of anybody, and go to Edinburgh. But I liked Hughes for all his pomposity, and he liked me, and so I bore with the sneers of Peters, till my two years were nearly ended. Had my dear friend Cook stayed, I should have been much happier, but he soon married and left the Academy, and I saw him very seldom afterwards. Weaver and

I stayed for a few months together, but I tired of his constant ill-humour, and moved at last to a room a story higher up, in the same house, in order to obtain peace, and at the end of the year, he went away back to Glasgow to finish his studies. It was a great loss to me the time I stayed with him, for my weekly bill was higher by two or three shillings all the time.

There was a great national event, while I was in London. It was war time, and the whole country was in arms, and our sailors were every now and then gaining great victories over the French and Spaniards, which caused illuminations, and firings of great guns, and such like rejoicings. And in the end of the year news came of a great battle and victory at Trafalgar, and of the death of Nelson. It was an awful blow to the country—which was not compensated by the complete destruction of the enemy's fleets,

—the loss of that one man. In the month of January of the next year, Mr. Douglas took me down with him to Greenwich Hospital, to see the remains of the dead hero lying in state. I have always remembered that time. The sail down the river, the awful crowds of people, both on it in boats of all kinds, and at the entrance to the Hospital, and still more the crushing, and pressing of the multitudes, have fixed that day in my memory indelibly. There were awful reports of lives lost on the Sabbath before, for the ceremony began on that peaceful Sabbath morning, and the day of rest and holy quiet was converted into a day of riot and confusion, I doubted very much the policy of permitting or sanctioning such a thing, as opening that place on that day, or indeed at all. People, at least the generality of the visitors, do not go to pay respect to the dead, but only to gratify their own morbid

sight-seeing propensities, and then, what little of solemnity there is in them, when they reach the place, is sure to be dispelled by the crushing and confusion of the crowd; for each individual unit of it, casts aside his social, and acts under the guidance of his more selfish feelings alone. Well, at Greenwich when we arrived there, we found that it was hopeless our attempting to get in that day, there were thousands before us, and a continuous stream was pouring through the gates, from which we heard shrieks and screams for help arising, as people were crushed against the iron posts, or their garments were caught by the spikes of the iron railing. Mr. Douglas would have perhaps ventured, had he been alone, but he would not allow me to embark in such a dangerous navigation, and so we withdrew to the house of an old naval officer of his acquaintance, which commanded a fine view of the river—this officer

was one of the chief men of the College—and were promised, if we would wait till the evening, that we should be admitted with the officers of the hospital, privately. Very shortly after we got into the house, we saw a very fine sight. A beautiful man-of-war brig was coming up the river, and on board of her were a great number of the 'Victory's' men, come to attend the funeral of their old leader. It was grand to see the vessel—these little men-of-war always reminded me of greyhounds—dashing up the river so gallantly. We had her in sight from the time she approached Woolwich, and saw her bending to the breeze as she rounded the reach at Blackwall, and scudded up towards the Hospital, but though the brig approached so like a thing of joy and life, she was, in fact, a vessel full of mourners. The old flag of England blew out half-way up her rigging, and the crowded deck, did not resound with

the cheery note of seamen nearing their port, all who were seen, as she anchored off the Hospital, wore a sorrowful look, for she bore the 'Victory's' men, who had come to render the last sad offices to their dead chief.

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm, with which these hardy seamen were received. They had returned victorious from the greatest naval battle the world had ever witnessed, and though triumphant, were mourners—mourners for the greatest naval hero our country had produced; and were about to land in the very presence of the corpse of him, whose clear genius and undaunted courage had so often rendered them victorious. I was enabled to see the landing—the brig remained at anchor in the river, till the full tide permitted her to draw in to the Hospital stairs—and by the favour of Lord Hood, Mr. Douglas and myself were with the pensioners, within the railings, hard by

the entrance gates, when they, in a body, met the victorious seamen. It was dark; but the glare of torches within the Hospital grounds, and in numberless boats on the river, rendered it as light as day, and far more solemn and impressive. When the men landed, I saw by the glaring torch-light, that most solemn and impressive of all salutations—three dumb cheers given by the pensioners. Often during that stirring week did I see it again, but never did it impress my mind so deeply as then. Perhaps there will be many who read this book, who never heard of that salutation, so I will set down what it was. The pensioners and others took off their hats, and at a given signal, waved them thrice round their heads, as if accompanying the huzzas they otherwise would have given; but there was no cheers, all was silent, it was only the gesture that was the welcome. Mr. Douglas and me ac-

companied these men—they were picked men of the dead Admiral's own crew, from the far-famed 'Victory,' and were splendid specimens of the British sailor—when they went to take their last look of their late leader. The body was lying in the Painted Hall, which was so hung with black cloth, that the external light was wholly excluded, even during the day; and the Hall was lighted up with multitudes of candles in silver sconces on the walls, and tall silver candlesticks supported still taller candles round about the bier. It was affecting and striking to see the rough, hardy men, whom everybody then spoke of as so careless, unthinking and reckless, passing through that Hall, with heads uncovered, and such an appearance of solemnity and awe, finding vent in many cases in tears. Of the minute decorations of the Hall, and of the bier, I have not a clear remembrance; the hardy

seamen mourners, the awe, which being in the presence of death naturally produced in me, caused the gorgeous pomp of the coffin, with its silver nails shining with the light of the candles, and the rich decorations, which blazed back their rays in radiance, lying by the coffin's side, to pass quickly away; but the living men, and those men the dead Admiral's fellow-shipmates, and personal followers, whom he had been parted from in the moment of victory, were sights such as never pass away, nor fade from the memory. There was a manliness in their grief, and a solemn propriety in their bearing, such as few had ever seen before. Old, stern, weather-beaten men, who had been contending with the elements, and human enemies, all their days, and slim young lads, who had only begun their novitiate in that arduous and noble profession, when in the august presence of their dead friend and

leader, were solemnized into the same deep reverence and awe, which, to those who had been accustomed to regard them as careless in habits and character, was almost fearful to look upon.

On the Wednesday of that week, by the favour of a far-off friend, a kinswoman of my father's, I was taken into the house of a great man, near Whitehall, where she was a servant, and had a view of the procession by water, bringing Nelson's body to the Admiralty. It was very grand and very imposing. The solemn music, the fine barges, with the flags of the Admiral, rowed by the seamen of Greenwich, whose fighting days were over, were followed by the barge in which lay the coffin. I never saw the like of that. I counted twenty-three oars on one side, as it came stately up the river, and they all moved as one. It was rowed by the 'Victory's' men; and then there followed

barges from the City, and Admiralty, and the Palace, a great procession; while the river was crowded at the sides, with hosts of boats, and minute-guns were fired from its banks, and flags were waving from every house, half-staff high; there was no bridge, then between Westminster and Blackfriars, so the sight I had was uninterrupted and grand. When the funeral barge came to the landing-place, all the bands struck up a beautiful piece of music, I had heard played once before at a soldier's funeral, and the rowers lay upon their oars. It was fine to see all these canopied boats in that position, waiting patiently till the dead Admiral they came to honour, was removed to his temporary resting-place. From another window, I saw the chiefs of the land receive the coffin as a precious deposit, the soldiers presenting arms, and then proceeding slowly to the Admiralty.

But the grandest of all these sights was

the spectacle next day, when the nation bore their dead hero to his burial in St. Paul's. No one that saw that, could ever forget it. The street was lined with soldiers, militia, and volunteers, from the Horse Guards to St. Paul's, and the procession of infantry, cavalry, and artillery was miles in length. Having been bred so near the border of, and educated in, Scotland, there was one part of the procession that I was especially delighted with, and indeed I was not singular, for everybody said it was by far the finest part of the whole military display. The two Highland regiments, I mean, in their kilts and plaids, and waving plumes, the gallant 92nd and 73rd, who had formed part of that brave army of Egypt, which Abercromby led to victory at the cost of his life. Eagerly did the crowds before me, who thronged the streets —I was favoured again with a place in a

window near Temple Bar—point out the word Egypt on the colours of these regiments as they passed, and I saw that some of them were so tattered with musket-balls and hard usage, that they looked perfect rags, as they fluttered in the breeze. The fine, stalwart figures of the men, the graceful and picturesque dress, then a strange sight in London, and, I may say, nearly strange to me also, made those Gaels more an object of attention than the regiments which followed, while the gallantry of them all, Highlanders and Buffs—the other line regiment was called Buffs, they told me, from the colour of the collars and cuffs of their coats — in that Egyptian campaign made them be looked on with affection and admiration, only second to the regard felt and expressed for the sailors. These were no fair weather soldiers, like the Guards and the volunteers, but men who had finished

thoroughly the work which Nelson had begun well, on the night of the Nile. Hosts of cavalry followed, the foot soldiers, the Scotch Greys among the rest, and my heart rose again as I saw the gallant bearing and fine array, as they swept past, and read the legend they boldly bear, "Second to none." Had Waterloo been over, how the people would have cheered them. I mind I went down to Berwick myself, when I was ten years nearly a minister, to join my feeble shout of welcome to the enthusiasm of the Berwickers, when the 42nd Highlanders, the old Black Watch, passed through that town from Waterloo. After them followed detachments from other regiments of horse, and of the artillery with their guns, the whole being the most magnificent spectacle I ever witnessed in pomp and circumstance.

It was affecting, after all the grandeur had passed which attended this warlike display,

to see the small party of pensioners from Greenwich—men who had passed through the breeze, and the battle, and who had, as it were, one foot in the grave, now marching along to be present at the burial of a great leader, who had fallen, though still so much younger than themselves. And more affecting and exciting still, when the party from the 'Victory' appeared in their neat sailor dress—the very men who had offered to Captain Hardy, just before Nelson died, to jump overboard and board the 'Redoutable' from the sea, as the people said. You would have thought that they were the dearest kin, and brothers of us all; they were regarded with so much enthusiasm and affection, that I saw ladies crying as they passed, and men looking on them as kindly, as if they had known every one all their days. These men were so gravely sad, so clearly mourners, that the thrill of awe I

had felt when in the Painted Hall, came back full on my heart. They bore the colours of the 'Victory,' those flags, to which so many French and Spaniards had lately done such homage, and which themselves had never been struck while the Admiral lived, and then only to tell his victorious fleet of his death, not that he was vanquished. I saw a number of the bold seamen, who had so often fought under it, bearing the ensign which had floated from the peak of the 'Victory' at Trafalgar, and opening it now and again to show the shot holes, with which it was riddled, and the blood stains of their comrades, who had died in its defence. Every halt the procession made, this Union Jack was opened out, and the gallant tars cried to the people to look well on it, for it had never been lowered till *his* death. Oh, the pathos that was in that sight, and that appeal! all the rest

seemed but a show to please the eye, but this blood-stained and shot-riddled ensign appealed at once to all the higher feelings of our natures, and tears rose to the eyes even of bearded men, when they saw it and heard the seamen's address.

There were great numbers of carriages full of nobility and gentry, the lords and princes of our land joining with the Commons to do honour to the gallant sailor. The Prince of Wales, and five or six more of his royal brothers, either on horseback or in carriages, were there, to grace with their presence the nation's mourning; and then came the funeral car, in shape like the hero's ship, the 'Victory.' I thought it looked very gaudy and paltry, over it was a canopy, supported by palm trees, above the coffin which every person could see well, it was so high up on the car, and on the canopy was emblazoned, "*Palmam qui meruit, ferat,*" and the names of "St.

Vincent," "The Nile," "The Baltic," and "Trafalgar," on various parts of the car itself.

The greatest sight of the whole, in my opinion, was the universal interest of the multitudes who thronged the streets: to see how every one respectfully uncovered when the car approached; and as I was above the crowd, I could see well how the lifting of hats passed along the line on each side of the street, like a current flowing gently to the sea. Soldier and sailor officers, on horseback and in carriages, followed the car, headed by the Dukes of York and Kent, followed by aids-de-camps innumerable. It was spirit-stirring in the extreme thus to behold a nation following in the persons of its highest and noblest, its most distinguished for arts and arms, and statesmanship, a sailor, a clergyman's son, to a national tomb.

I remember there was a great deal said at the time, of this ceremonial, and of the preparations which were made both publicly and privately. The clergy of St. Paul's were said to have made a great sum, by exhibiting the coffin in their vaults after the funeral; and one of the vergers, they said, had gotten five hundred pounds as his share of the fees. No doubt they acted on the principle, that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and were content to bear all the odium likely to be showered upon them for the wealth they gained. I was also shown a house on the top of Ludgate Hill that, the people said, had been let to one person for five hundred guineas, to see the procession approach and enter St. Paul's, and many other things of the same wasterful kind were told, which I will not set down here. All I say was, that as a whole, it was the grandest, the finest, and the most solemn sight I ever saw.

CHAPTER XI.

ALL the time I was in London, at the academy, I heard very little of my Northumberland joe. Now and then, in my mother's letters, there were allusions to, and kindly mention of, Mr. Wood, who frequently called upon them, and was still on very friendly terms with my father. I once or twice wrote to him myself, and sent the letters with my father's, and sometimes got answers from him in the same way—for postage was very high then, and country people, like my folk,

grudged to pay it very much. Mr. Wood wrote to me, chiefly about my studies, and gave me good counsel about my tutor, Peters, advising me to bear his ill-humour and his sneers till the end of my two years, and then to leave London and go to Edinburgh for a last session to finish; and he promised to write to some of his friends to be kind to me there, if I would agree to go. Mr. Wood's letters were always good, but I always liked the last part of them best, where he usually said that his daughters sent their compliments to me—he had written it love in one case, and then had scored it out and written compliments above. That little erased word put my heart into a greater ferment, than any it had ever been in before, and it so pleased and excited me, that I could not sleep that night, and I lay awake fancying all kind of things, sometimes I thought Jane Wood really loved

me, and then again a cold sickening feeling came over me, as I thought of the cot-house among the hills, and my personal deformity, and contrasted myself with the tall, lithe, graceful girl. But then she had always been so kind and attentive to me, and sent some kind word every time her father wrote, that my heart revived again, and I became more in love, by thinking of her, every day. For many days and nights, at that time, I could think of little but Jane; and, at last, as the term drew to an end, I determined that I should go one session to Edinburgh, that I might have an earlier opportunity of passing some time near Jane Wood. I wrote to my father and Mr. Wood, that I intended to leave London and go to Edinburgh; and I began to prepare for my removal, by giving in all my exercises, and bringing up every part of my public duties in the class, so that I might be able to leave

the academy honourably as soon as the term ended.

Things went on very well with me after that, and the day of my departure drew near. I had already made one or two pilgrimages to Wapping, to see if the collier brig I had come up in, was in the river; and at last I saw the old mate, who was now its captain, and found that he intended to sail two or three days before the term closed, so that it behoved me to be ready to start by that time. I therefore spoke to Peters, who had some exercises of mine in his hands, and to Hughes, and told them that I was going away. It was usual for students to stay two years and a half, or three years, at the academy, and they got a certificate when they left, stating what kind of students they had been. The tutors had a great dislike to any of their students going to another college or seminary, and I well knew that Peters would

oppose my leaving as much as lay in his power, angrily and rudely, for the man did everything in that way. But all my anticipations were transcended. He nearly foamed at the mouth with rage, and at first refused point-blank to pass my exercises; by good fortune, he had only two, and those of the least importance, in his hands, when I told him I was going to leave; however, I stood up to him—I must say though it was in fear and trembling—and said to him that he must give me my certificate, in order that I might enter at Edinburgh the next session.

"It is all very well and very fine for you to say so," said Peters in answer to me; "but what certainty have we that you will do so? There were Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Gilpin, and even Mr. Hulme, left us to go to the academy at Bristol; but what did they do? you know yourself, Mr. Paxton, they began to preach as soon as they left

the Hall, though they were only half-educated; and what surety have we that you will not do the same?"

"You do not surely put me on the same level with these men," said I, angrily; "they had studied at no college before they came here, and I had been four years at Glasgow. Besides, I read in the last year's report of this academy, in Mr. Douglas's—and he told me that you drew it up—that you took credit to yourselves for these very men, and for others too, who have only been here for one or two terms, and with whose faces even the students are not familiar. Now I have been nearly seven terms, and I tell you I am going to Edinburgh for the last one."

"But how can I be sure that you are going to Edinburgh? You must be aware that I have no certainty that you *will go*. You half-educated men bring disgrace on our institution. Besides, you have not read

all your exercises, and I am afraid I cannot pass the last one."

"Very well, Sir; I shall leave on Friday, and you can do as you like about the exercises. I have told you that I am going to Edinburgh, and I do not usually falsify my words; God willing, I will go there, whatever course you adopt in regard to me."

"But you cannot go away till the end of the term; I cannot and will not allow it; and if you go without my permission, I will withhold your certificate altogether."

"As you please, Sir. You may keep it if you like; but you cannot take these tickets from me, which you have already indorsed," and as I spoke I pulled them out of my pocket, and showed them to him. "These will prove to the Presbytery that I have attended regularly; and as Mr. Wood knows already how you disregarded his letter, he will do all he can to induce the Presbytery to

take *them*, instead of the formal certificate. Do as you please, Sir."

Peters turned away baffled, and fuming, and said no more at that time, but nursed his wrath, and let it out in showers on my poor head for the next few days, in sneers, and jibes, and reproaches altogether undeserved—for I must say for myself, that I never was wanting in any of the duties of the class. Professor Hughes, on the contrary, was very kind when I told him I was going away; he approved much of my intention of going to Edinburgh, and willingly gave me a certificate, and a present of a book besides; and when I left his class, he trusted that he would hear from me as to my future success. Peters, after the bluster, in which he indulged for each day of that week, came to an end, gave me a testimonial also, but he refused to return my essays, though they had been in his hands for weeks, on the plea that he

had not had time to examine them. On the whole, there was no love lost between us, and though I have seen him often since that day, we could never be kind or friendly any more.

During my sojourn at the academy, there had been great changes among the students. James had lost his post of secretary after the first year, because of his insolence, and had after that settled down into a simple student, and was quieter and better behaved than before. About six months before I left the academy he got the Meeting-house of Cuthbertstown, in the north, and reports had arrived that he was very well liked as a preacher. I had never had much to do with any of the students save Weaver; but after he left, I saw the young Irishman, Desmond, more frequently, and sometimes had him to take tea with me on the Friday evenings, but I never cared very much for him. He was

terribly ill-treated by Peters at first, and then by dint of flattering the weak side of the tutor, he became a prime favourite; and Mr. Desmond's exuberant Irish fancy, but sound philosophy, were quoted by Peters as the models we should follow. Peters at first had mocked, and laughed at the poor Irishman most shamefully, whenever his hyperbole became extravagant, but now he was quite changed, and approved of almost all the Irishman did. There was a little Scotchman there, with whom I had very few opportunities of meeting privately, but who has been a fast and warm friend ever since I have been a settled minister; his name was Wurly. He was a little vigorous man, with one of the ugliest, yet most intellectual faces I ever saw; his features moved with every thought, and he told his story as much by the expression of his face as by his tongue. Peter Wurly had a good head and a warm

heart; he had been a good deal tossed about by the world, and this experience, which all the other students wanted, prevented that egotism and self-conceit, which appeared so prominent in the others. Wurly had a sly dry humour, such as is said to be characteristic of Scotchmen, and made hits at the tutors and students which told admirably. He supported himself then by writing for the press—for the "Gentleman's Magazine," and the "London Review," I think—and had been in a measure adopted by an old wealthy lady, with whom he lodged in Islington; so that by the time his studies were finished, he was an independent man. He was almost the only one of my fellow-students I ever cared about seeing afterwards, for there was something repulsive about all the rest that I never could abide.

On the Saturday, after having called for

the last time on Mr. Hughes—it was then he gave me the book—and Mr. Douglas, I went on the brig lying in the Pool; she was called the 'John Croker,' and not the 'John,' and got a hearty welcome from my friend the captain. We sailed with the afternoon's tide, and dropped down the river, helped by a westerly wind, to Gravesend, that night; and in a week, after a pleasant passage, we got to Shields, where I stopped with the captain over the Sabbath, and on the Monday started to Morpeth, where my father was that day, at the market with sheep, and the next day went home with him to our quiet house again. I mind well, but will not set down, my mother's welcome.

CHAPTER XII.

My first expedition after I reached home, was to a neighbouring farmer's to buy a pony. My father was still shepherd to the same farmer he had served ever since I was born; but he had grown comparatively rich, and had now a large flock of his own, and was just about to take a farm himself, farther up among the hills. He had a pony himself now, and could well afford to buy one for me, his only son, of whom both my mother and himself were very proud. I was just on the eve of entering the ministry; and

though ministers in that country are very poorly paid, when they are well-conducted men, a great deal of deference is paid to them, and, consequently, all the neighbours spoke of me respectfully now, as Mr. Mathew, or Mr. Paxton, or the young priest, while my father up to this time had been plain Geordie. However, I went to the farm, and paid ten pounds for a handsome pony, and then I was able to go whithersoever my fancy led me; and the first place I went to —though it was the minister's sacred day, Friday—was the Manse at Birdhope Craig. I was eager to see Jane again; though, hypocrite as I was, I pretended to myself and to others, it was the father for whom my visit was intended. I had a half notion that my mother had an idea of the matter, for she smiled and looked knowing, and said she had seen the lassies last Sabbath, and that they were looking better than ever;

and then she teased me a little in country fashion about them both, for it seems they had asked specially for me.

Well, I went to the Manse on my new pony, and found Jane and the minister at home. Anne was at Jedburgh, on business, in the minister's gig. I thought that Jane had stopped at home that day, thinking I would call—so far did my vanity lead me—for she knew I was to be home that week. I was kindly received, and heartily welcomed by both the father and daughter, and I was more taken with Jane than ever before. She was a little above twenty, a tall, graceful girl, and though she would not have been called beautiful by other people, she was most beautiful in my eyes; and I felt my heart dancing and my head giddy, as I looked on her. Jane was very frank and kind, and made me tell her all about what I had seen in London, and about the grand funeral of

Nelson, and about the Academy, and other things. Mr. Wood went away to his sermons, after a while, and left Jane and me alone. Eh me! how that day stands out in my mind yet; I mind the very seat she sat on, and the dress she wore. I could have kept my seat all day, looking at her; but she kept me telling her what I had seen, and about my two voyages, and the sea—poor thing, she had never seen the sea, and no water bigger than the Tweed at Kelso, and so was very curious about "that great and wide sea, in which ships go." I told her all about the tutors, and she laughed at the descriptions of both them and the students. Jane had seen Peters, but did not like him, and so we agreed. I mind I told her all about Weaver, and she was much affected thereby; and on the whole we got on very well together, though only in a friendly way. I could not get my tongue about the words

I wished to say at all; so long as our conversation was about London we did very well, but as for any farther or more intimate discourse, though it was what I desired most of all, I could in no way set about it. Indeed, unless my feelings are very much excited, I am as bashful still as I was then, and when I go to any house, where there are womankind, I cannot get on at all. I do very well, it is true, among the country folk, for all that is needed with them is to listen to their gossip, and join in the rehearsal of the news of the country-side; but I never had the small talk, which young men and young women now-a-days delight in. Perhaps it is better not for a minister, whose vocation is so solemn and so sacred; but I know I felt it often a want then, and have done so on many occasions all my life.

I had an example of the same, that very afternoon, for there came a young farmer

that I had been at school with, and though he was nearly as ignorant of higher things as his pony—and he had a very fine one—he was prompt and ready to talk. He joked and laughed with Jane, moreover, and spoke to her so familiarly, and was answered so blithely, that I had no resource but to sit still, and see my fine air-built castle gradually dissipate. I am of too soft a nature to be jealous, and I have always had a keen sense of my deformity before my eyes, which has made me sensible that I am not, and never have been, the kind of person that inspires a woman's love; but I did feel something, very nearly approaching to the angry feelings of jealousy, rising within my breast, when I saw the freedom of young John Ogle in the Manse that night. It was not lessened by the way in which the minister treated him, for that made it more evident, that he was a favourite with all the

household; and so my hopes were lowered, even though Jane continued kind and friendly as ever, and I fancied that it was only my own egregious folly, that had led me to think she cared a straw for me.

Young John Ogle was about my own age and as I have said, had been bred at the same school with me. He had been brought up a farmer—farming was very good in those days—and for the last two or three years had been in a farm of his own. His father was one of the chief men of the Meeting-house, and was rich, for the time and district; the young man was fast rising to wealth also. John's appearance was the very opposite of mine. He was a tall, gallant-looking lad, with a handsome, open, face, that expressed great natural shrewdness and frankness. He had not received more than the ordinary country education, and had no literary tastes at all, indeed, I do not

suppose he ever read anything but the records of the weekly markets; and, perhaps, the news, the accidents and offences, which afterwards became the small talk of the district, in the weekly papers, unless it was a lesson in the Bible on the Sabbath evening, after coming from the Meeting. John Ogle was a fine, gallant, open-hearted and free-handed young man, however—it was a great time for the volunteers then, and for Yeomanry—and John was a leading man in the cavalry of the district. Sprung from an old border stock, he had an inherent martial bias, like his moss-trooping ancestors; and he had also that bold free air, which the military drill, and a life spent almost wholly in the open air, riding about his wide farm, imparted. In the old times, he would have been a stark moss-trooper, and had his services been needed in our own, would, however lacking in the regular discipline of

the soldier, have been formidable as a personal antagonist. Little wonder then, his fine person, and gallant, manly bearing should shatter all my hopes.

After dinner, I left Mr. Wood, and Ogle at their toddy, and went away to call on my old schoolmaster, who lived near at hand. The old man was looking for, and very glad to see me. He was not a little proud of his old scholar, the prizes I had carried off, the degree I had taken at Glasgow, and my present position as a student of divinity, he looked on as so many personal triumphs, and set down as the results of his own good teaching; and very truly, I fancy, for though I was a good learner, and had become a good scholar, I was not naturally very clever. I was, indeed, very much indebted to him, for he had rarely indoctrinated me into the mysteries of the Greek verb, and encouraged me in the acquisition of general knowledge,

which had stood me in such good stead in London, that on most subjects I knew a great deal more than my neighbours. I told the pleased old man, a great deal of what I had seen, and what I had suffered; we discoursed for a while on some of the grammatical vagaries of Mr. Peters, which I had opposed at the time, though Peters tried by jokes and sneers to put me down. The old master, when I told him that the tutor controverted his opinion, got very hot, and declared he would write him on the subject; but laughed and recovered his good humour, when I told him the nickname Weaver had given the Academy, "The Cave of Adullam," because the greater part of the students were like the men who fled to David in the olden time, and both the tutors were, so to speak, admitted into it as teachers, because they were broken men, so that both the professors and nearly all the students, were very similar

to David's followers. The old man enjoyed his laugh for a time, and then said reverently; "God grant it may turn out as well as the Cave of Adullam did, for you mind, Mathie, that it turned out the best sodgers of the king's army, and that Joab, and Ashael, and the other worthies were part of the band that went to David there. God grant, my man, that your cave be as prolific of good ministers, as it was of good sodgers to Israel."

I stayed with the old teacher till it was time to go back to the Manse to tea, the good old man pressing me all the time, either to stay with him to my tea, or to come back after and take a glass of toddy with him, for the road I had to go was good, and there was a braw moon that would let me see well home, but I did not promise.

I found John Ogle still at the Manse when I went back, and so I relapsed into

nearly as total silence as before, for he continued to rattle on, as much as ever; and all the Manse people—Anne was back from Jedburgh by this time—seemed to me to like his small talk very well. They were too kindly-mannered, however, to let him have all the conversation to himself, so Mr. Wood, after a while, began to draw me out about the great towns I had lived in, and then got me engaged in a description of the grand funeral of Nelson, with which the whole country had rung. I related all I had seen, and described the Palaces, and the Tower, the Exchange, and the Bank of England, the shops and the streets, and the gaudy Lord Mayor's show, and the Abbey, and the Parliament Houses at Westminster and all the other ferlies I could think of. Ogle listened to me with open mouth, now and then ejaculating; "Eh, Mathie, that would be grand, Mathie!" and the like; and

he seemed as well pleased to hear me speaking, as if he had been telling of the sights himself. After the moon had risen, we both of us took our departure. I thought there was a consciousness about Jane, as we took our leave, and a difference in the way she parted from me, from that in which she parted with John, for she was frank and open to me, but seemed shy and reserved to him. With Anne he joked and laughed very familiarly, as he bade her good-night, but not in the same *empressé* way as he bade good-bye to Jane, which I had watched narrowly, and it again roused in me hot and angry feelings, though I managed to conceal them.

Our road lay for some six or seven miles in the same direction—indeed, we would not either of us have stayed so late had it not been that we were to ride in company. After we had got out of the village of Birdhope Craig, John began to speak to me

frankly, and plainly about what I had done in London, and about the Woods. He had not as it seemed, the remotest idea that he was crossing me in the tenderest point, for he spoke as openly and confidently as if I had been his confidant all along.

"Mathie," he said, "isna Jane Wood very bonnie? and what's more, man, she's as guid as she's bonnie. Eh man, there's no a lassie I ever saw, that I think so much of. D'ye no think the same as me, wad she no make a braw wife for me? I'm in a farm of my ain now, Mathie, ye ken, and could keep her well, and I've a guid house already, and it sae near her faither too."

"Yes, John," I said, though my voice shook, and I felt as if I could have knocked him off his horse and trampled on him. "Yes, John, Jane Wood is a fine girl, and will make a good wife to somebody, but I hardly think she is suited for a farmer's

wife: a farmer should get somebody who knows about the management of such a house as he must have, and I do not think Jane can know anything of the kind."

"Nonsense, Mathie, she kens about beasts, and hens, and all kind of country stock; she's been brought up, mind you, among her father's folk, and has looked after the byre and the pigs ever so long, and I believe she kens as well how to feed, or to saddle the pony as I do, who have been brought up among beasts all my days. Nonsense, I tell ye, man, she'll make a capital farmer's wife, and it'll be her own fault, and no mine, if she binna one."

"But, John, she's been accustomed to better society than you farmers are, and would take ill, with the want of books and of educated people to speak to; and John, you do not care for these things, you like the clashes of the country-side better than any

book, and how would she take with that, think you?"

"Eh, nae fear, she'll do brawly; besides she'll learn me to like books, and to read them too. Eh, Mathie, I wish I could speak like you! If ye preach sermons, like as ye telled us about that great sight ye saw in London, ye'll be a braw preacher; man I wad hae gi'en ten pund to have been with you, when ye saw that grand sight. It wouid hae been something to speak off a' my life. Mind, Mathie," he continued, hurriedly, "what I said about Jane Wood is a secret, and ye na man speak o't to naebody; and, man, I'm sure she likes me, though I never have said a word to her, only she canna help seeing, one would think, how muckle I think of her; now, Mathie, ye'll no speak o' this."

"No, John, I'll keep your secret; you are very fortunate, I can tell you. As for

my speaking well, I think you're a better hand yourself than me."

"Na, na, Mathie, it's to be your trade, and ye ken mine is to grow corn, and wool, and sell the victual, and the beasts; and I'll never need to speak, unless, maybe, to propose a toast at a dinner, or such like, and sae hae nae need of being a good spokesman. But, Mathie, man, I'll ride thirty miles to hear your first sermon, if ye'll let me ken. We're a' proud of you, Mathie, you're the first minister our Meeting has sent out my faither says, for this hunder years, and Mr. Wood says ye hae done grand at the College."

"Well, John, I will let you know, but if I were to break down, as sometimes happens, what would ye say; perhaps, though I would like my old school-fellows to hear me, the sight of you might put me out."

"Nae fear, nae fear, I'll be there '*Deo*

volente.' I havena forgotten a' my Latin, ye see; I dare say I would have forgotten that, but that Mr. Wood uses it so often. I would like to see you minister in the Craig, Mathie. Mr. Wood's getting auld, and before mony years are over, we'll need to get a young priest."

"No, John, the Craig would not do for me—or rather I would not do for the Craig Meeting; you mind what the Scripture says: 'that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, and in his father's house,' and so would it be with me. I come to the Craig? No, I must go eastward, I think, nearer to the sea, there are many good meetings thereabouts."

"Weel, Mathie, gang where ye will, I'm sure a' body wishes you well. I hear that you folk are gaun to be neighbours of mine. It's true is it no, that your faither has taken the 'Black-Hill Farm.'"

"Yes."

"Weel, tell him that if he wants a ploughing day, there's no muckle arable land about it, and it'll no be ill to plough, for I ken the Black Hill weel. I'll send all my ploughs, and get my faither and cousins to send theirs, and we'll gie him such a day, as will set him a gaun, whenever he likes, and the sooner the better. I turn up this loaning. You'll come and see me soon, Mathie. Come for a week—dinna wait for the term—and mind tell your faither about the ploughs. Good-night, Mathie."

"Good-night, John; you are very kind. I *will* come and see you soon."

So we parted, and though my heart was sore with the thought of Jane Wood's loving him, I could not for my life do otherwise than admire the gallant, frank, simple young man who was so straightforward and sincere towards me, and evidently thought

that it must please me to hear of his good fortune. His frankness disarmed me, and I felt it would be my duty now, to put a curb on my feelings, and prepare myself for seeing Jane Wood become the wife of John Ogle.

It would be a hard task, I perceived, after I parted from the young man, and the image of Jane rose up before my mind's eye again. I groaned in spirit as I dwelt on the image, and became so occupied, that I suffered the pony to take its own course, and rode on, neither heeding whither the beast was carrying me, nor caring much. At last, when I had gone about twice as far as our own house, I was roused out of my abstraction, by perceiving in the clear moonlight that I was off the right road altogether. The pony accustomed many times to take the same journey, was making as fast as it could for its old stable at the farm, where I had

bought it the day before, and it was close by the farm-house that I found myself. It was now late at night, and I was still four or five miles from home. I felt a good deal ashamed, moreover, and angry at myself, when I perceived how far I had been carried out of my road, and did not know it. Then there followed a hard struggle with the pony, the ill-willy beast, would not turn into the right road for a long time, do as I would—it jumped about, and nearly had me off a dozen times, and I had to do, what I never have done since, to lash it well before I could get it to go on. I was in a pretty predicament, and, but for the opportune arrival of two horsemen—Border officers of the revenue, on the watch for smugglers, armed with pistols and sabres, who frightened me a good deal at first—I should have had to walk home, I believe, leading the camstary brute. After I had

got on to the right road again, I had to keep continually urging it forward, for it was constantly trying to turn round to go back to its old stable again, and boggling at trees, which threw their shadows across the path, in the clear moon-light every few minutes, so that I was nearly thrown once or twice. However, this struggle between Donald and me, and the constant need of watchfulness to prevent a *coup*, caused the painful agitation of my mind to cease for the time, and I rode on more peacefully than since I had parted with John Ogle. At last I reached home when it was very late, not so downcast or abstracted, that the old folk could see that there was, or had been anything the matter with me.

They wondered a good deal, when I told my story, and they questioned me not a little, how I let the pony take me off the right road. I half thought my mother jealoused

something of what had happened; for she said:

"Ay, Mathie, my man, ye maun have been thinking ower muckle about the lassies: the road is as clear the night, as if it were broad day. Ye wadna hae let the pony take its ain gate, had ye no been thinking of something else than hame. How was the minister, and the lassies, and what did ye think of Miss Jane? Eh, guidman! look how red his face is growing. I doubt I'm right, Mathie; ye hae been thinking mair of Jane Wood this night, than about your studies."

I did not answer, but only blushed the more; and to lead them on to a new tack, began to tell them about John Ogle, and what he had said about a ploughing day, and about the minister, and the schoolmaster, and what I had seen, and heard during the day, though all the time my head was in a

flutter; and a cold, sickening feeling at my heart, which I had never before experienced, came over me every time I mentioned the names of Jane Wood or John Ogle.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE is no more kindly or cheering sight to be seen in the country—at least I never saw its marrow for kindliness and hilarity—than a farm in Northumberland on a ploughing day. On such occasions, all the neighbours send one or more ploughs, to give the new tenant a day's ploughing of the lands, which, as farms in the North are usually let in the spring, he has not been able to do himself. I had never till that time seen anything of the kind, and I was in consequence very

much interested in, and delighted with it. Such occasions of giving neighbourly help afford a sort of holiday to the country-side. To the hinds, it is a little festival, breaking in upon the monotony of their quiet lives; and as there is a considerable spirit of rivalry among them, both men and horses turn out better dressed and harnessed than usual. Knots of ribbon flutter from the bridles of the horses, and the men wear their second-best coat, and are much cleaner than usual at their daily work; for these grave Northumberland hinds—and I have known them, man and boy, for better than sixty years—are a respectable, comfortable race, always warmly and substantially clad, and having a decent self-respect, which induces them, on public occasions, to be more careful and particular than at ordinary times. Their pride in their pair of horses is equally great, and thus they turn out as clean and as well-

appointed as possible, at such times. On this occasion there was a novelty exhibited, which brought greater numbers of the neighbours to be onlookers than was usually the case. A young man from Fife, the son of a rich farmer there, had settled, a year before this, in the district—a real skilful farmer, the people said—but having a good deal of money, and liking display, he had broken-in four oxen to draw a plough, and he came on to the field, the morning of my father's ploughing day, with the whole of them finely dressed out, with silver bells at their heads, and silver ornaments on their harness, and himself and a younger brother came on horseback, though he was going to plough himself. All the chief men of the district were there on their horses, riding about supervising the men; and foremost among them was John Ogle and his father and friends. As it was a very military time,

some of the younger and smarter men had on their yeomanry uniforms; and thus the little groups riding from field to field, as the ploughing went on, reminded me of what I had heard of aids-de-camp on the field of battle, carrying the orders of the commander from one regiment to another.

My father was well respected in the district—I fancy the fact that I was so near finished with my studies, and that I had been two years in London, did not lessen it —and all the farmers near at hand sent their ploughs, and came themselves. There were about seventy ploughs on the ground, and more than thirty of the masters. When they entered a field there were sometimes so many ploughs going at once, that they could hardly get room to turn, and the ground was turned over as if by magic. The plough drawn by the oxen belonging to the two young Fife men, was accompanied and followed by a host

of idlers, wherever the ground would allow it. It was, indeed, a sight well worth the seeing, for the bullocks did their work very well; though the farmers did say that they were far more for show than for use, and that two good horses would have done as well or better. But truly I have no right to criticise or find fault, for young Peter Jervis brought them out to do honour to us; there might be some vanity in the display even of his own skill, for he was a first-rate ploughman, and of his unusual cattle; but we have all our hobbies, and if the young men preferred oxen to horses at a time like this, they were clearly entitled to do as they pleased in regard to it. I heard all say that there were no better farmers in Northumberland, or the Merse than these young men from Fife were, and even then that was saying a good deal.

By three in the afternoon, some fifty acres

had been turned over. It was but a light day's work for the men and horses; on their own farms they would have turned over twenty or thirty acres more, but there was so much joking and laughing among them, and they were so often in each other's way, because of so many being in each field, that they could neither do so much work, nor do it so well as if they had been at home. But it was very pleasing to me, to see the bronzed and weather-beaten faces, and to hear the happy cheerful colloquies, and banterings they had with each other when they met on the head-riggs, or shouted across to each other, albeit the coarse jokes of the country-side were not at all suitable for ears polite, and by their rudeness sometimes shocked me not a little, and their rustic wit was exceedingly ponderous, like their horses. But they were happy, and even joyous, and I well knew that though their speech was rude, and sometimes not

over delicate, that the men were mostly decent, sober, and well-doing.

The part of my father's farm which they were ploughing, was situate on an upland slope, just at the boundary where the arable land joined with the wilder hill-country, which was to form his sheep-walk. The fields were small and irregular in shape, and the hedgerows filled with fine trees. It sloped so gradually, that from the moor above I could take in all the stir and bustle going on below me. The fine bright spring day gave a zest to the scene, and that the more to me, because I was so lately from the smoke and crowds of a large city. I was up on the hill-side looking on with great delight, when the men unyoked at eleven o'clock to rest, and bait themselves and their horses; and when they formed into little groups, like squadrons of cavalry, to take the horses to the burn to drink, I could see them

fairly, and then, better than before, could form a notion of the numbers present. It was quite picturesque to see them appearing, and disappearing in the loanings which led to the burns, and the ponds, and presented a picture of home friendship, and good neighbourly feeling, far more pleasing than all the sights I had seen of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. It lacked the stirring strains of music, it is true—and that was a great lack—but then, it told of peace, and of brethren dwelling together in unity, and being helpful of each other, which I fancy no country of Europe presented then, save our own.

I hurried down from my post of observation, as soon as I saw them approaching the house, and it affected me much then to see the men by twos and threes gathering together, who had been separated for many months, and to hear them asking about

friends and acquaintances at the far-off farm towns, whence they had come. I saw a father, three sons, and two sons-in-law—I knew them all very well—who had thus gathered; some of them had not seen each other since the Whit Sunday before, some not since the hiring-day at Jedburgh, or Kelso, before that, and they sat down on one of the carts—six as fine-looking, decent men, as I could desire to see. They had a long conference with each other, and formed a very fine affectionate-looking family group, that made my heart glad. All of them, but the old father and the youngest son, were at different farms; and they had such stores of news to exchange, such questions to ask, and such kindly remembrances to send to those absent, that they were during all that interval engrossed in each other. The father asked about the welfare of his daughters, and the sons about their mother and their

sisters, and perhaps some sly questions about others quite as dear to them; and they looked so pleased and so happy, and appeared to enjoy their meeting so much, that I thought much more highly of the kindly custom, which gave those so far separated so good an opportunity of seeing each other, than ever I had done before. I noticed that these men were the last to separate; and as I acted as my mother's aid-de-camp that day, and gave all the men a dram when they were done, I heard some of the kind messages which this little group sent to their absent friends. It was true of the whole of the men assembled as well as of them; while at the same time there was plenty of gossip in its worst and coarsest forms, still they had these affectionate remembrances to send, and for all that they did not spare the character of either man or woman, master or servant, priest or layman, I was pleased in the

extreme. Then, many of these ploughmen, as well as their young masters, were old schoolfellows of mine—some of them already married and with small families—and they were all proud, that one of themselves was so soon likely to be a priest—a herd's son, truly one of themselves—and they touched their hats to me. I had on a white neckcloth that day for the second time in my life, and it gave me the appearance in the eyes of these old comrades of a full-blown Presbyter; and I overheard questions as to when I should begin to preach, and where, and I perceived that many of them would come to hear my first sermon if they could. This no doubt pleased me, and, perhaps, helped to make that day stand out more prominently in my remembrance; it gratified my vanity, of which I fancy I must have had then a good share.

After the day's work was over, there was

a dinner for the masters; a most substantial affair it was, the tables groaning under the loads of meat they had to sustain. These farmers being so much out of doors, are capital hands at the trencher, and so rounds of beef, and legs of mutton, and fowls innumerable, rapidly disappeared. The minister was there, to do honour to my father, and to ask a blessing on the meat; and after the dinner, they all sat down to their toddy, and a merry but not intemperate evening followed. It was a great day, that, for my parents. They were now admitted into the number of the better class of the district: and then everything had gone off so well—I had felt very dubious before the dinner of that—but I was not surprized, when I had seen them at the head and foot of the table, that every one should be so well satisfied, for they were both quite calm and self-possessed, and were, in truth, like

as if they had been master and mistress at such festivities often during their lives. One would have excused some errors on such an occasion as that, but there was nothing to excuse, nothing to find fault with; my mother, though she had never had a dinner-party almost of any kind before, did as well as if she had been in the habit of giving such dinners all her life; and her plain, quiet, homely manners procured her the instant attention, and respect of all her guests—think of the wife of an old Cheviot shepherd doing so! Young John Ogle and the two Jervises praised her to me very much; it was clear no one had expected that she would fill her new station so well as she had done, and the Fife lads especially told me, that she was liker their own mother, than anybody they had met with in Northumberland; and they asked me to come over to their farm, before I went back to the College,

and as I found them both much more intelligent than their neighbours, I promised to go, the fishing they promised me in the Jed being no little extra attraction.

The party broke up early in the evening, and left us in our new house—for we had made the ploughing, and the house-warming into one—all had gone off well; there had been no brawling nor drunkenness, but all had parted pleased and happy, the minister and his elders, the host and his guests. That night, my father conducted the family worship himself, and with his new servants about him, in the most solemn way, gave thanks for all the way the Almighty had led him, and all that He had enabled him to conquer, and for the good day that had passed. It was a very happy night to us all; no doubt we *were* pleased to be reckoned one of the bigger families of the country-side, and to have a better house and

better prospects than before. And then my father would have less bodily toil, and the time was rapidly approaching, when my studies would be over, and I could begin to preach; so that everything helped to make us pleased and happy that night.

CHAPTER XIV.

I PASSED all that summer at home, and I should have been very happy, but for thinking of Jane Wood. I could not get her out of my head, do as I liked, and every time I saw her, my misery was increased. About this time, I began to grow uncertain in my temper; one while I was flighty, unsettled, and joked, and laughed with the young men and women that I met;—I went to a good many of the houses round about that season, spent some days with John Ogle, a week with

the Jervises, and indeed went about more than was good for my studies—at another time, I was morose and moody, so that my mother thought something uncanny had happened to me, and I lost patience, often when I was teazed—and all country folks think they have a right to teaze young lads about lasses—my mother at first, often did so, but soon gave it up when she saw it distressed me. I often thought that Jane was sure to be wife of John Ogle; and then I could not stand any jesting—for what cared I for all the young women in the world but her—and got angry and retorted impatiently, even upon my mother. Though she gave up this way of teazing me, she still, in her anxiety, distressed me by her inquiries and solicitations to tell her what ailed me. I only guessed myself, I dared not name in my own mind what was the matter; I fancied she had a notion, but as she never named it to me, and scarcely even

hinted at it, I never disclosed to her, how I felt, or what I thought. The worst of all was, that I could not refuse the minister's invitations, indeed, my heart was in the Manse more than at home, and I visited there very often; but every visit only deepened the wound, and made me feel the case more hopeless, but yet I continued to go as if fascinated, as often as I could, though I never was bold enough to speak out to Jane, and have my fate definitely sealed.

The summer wore on in this unhappy way, and the time drew nigh when I behoved to go to Edinburgh. Before that I went with Mr. Wood to a meeting of the Northumberland Classis at Alnwick, and was adopted as a student by it, and got recommendations to the College, signed by the Moderator. I dined with the Presbytery afterwards, and a right jovial party the ministers were, for they joked, and they

sang, and the younger men played tricks on each other; and one was fined for taking unto himself a wife, and another because he was not yet married, and it appeared, as if they had met, more for the purpose of enjoying themselves together, than for anything they had to do—the business was only a sham, I saw. At that time, Presbyterianism was at a very low ebb, and the different Presbyteries in the North met very irregularly, sometimes not for years together.

I went with Mr. Wood, expecting to stay with an old friend of his, we were so far away from home, that we could not go back that night—for it was a good day's journey between Alnwick and the Craig. I spent with him and his friend a very pleasant evening in that pretty little town; but when it was late, I found that there was only one bed for the two of us, and then I said that I would go to the inn, where we had left

our horses in the morning, and stop there all night; and go I did, though I could see that Mr. Wood's friend thought me very conceited and presumptuous, because I refused to sleep with my own priest; indeed, he so openly expressed his displeasure, that I point-blank refused to go back to breakfast in his house before we left the next day. But I had resisted on that very point, while in London, the sneers and taunts of a much more powerful arguer than Mr. Wood's friend, and was not to be dantoned now.

After that, I made my preparations for going to Edinburgh; and the College opening very near Hallow Fair time, when both John Ogle, and Mr. Jervis had business there, for the purpose of buying stock, I agreed to ride my own pony in, and one of their men was to bring it out, with the beasts they bought. I must say that I was in a measure

glad, when I was compelled to go away; for to live so near Jane Wood, and to feel as I did, without having courage to speak openly to her, had become most painful, indeed, almost unbearable. I thought, were I but once away, I would be able to put her image out of my mind; perhaps if there were no word of her and John Ogle, when I returned home again and got licence to preach, I would have more courage; any way it would be better to have occupation of some kind, and so take away the leisure for those morbid feelings which oppressed me at home. I have invariably found that the easiest way to make oneself miserable, was to cherish and brood over the morbid feelings, and fancies which are so apt to arise from many circumstances in our lives; and as I am of an objective turn of mind, instead of a subjective, I fancied that the good wholesome mental labour, which the competition of the class

in the Divinity Hall in Edinburgh, would compel me to undertake, would go far to cure, or at least to alleviate, this morbidity which I suffered at home.

It was a fine morning, at the end of October, when we set out. John Ogle lived farther south among the Cheviots than we did, and so he called on me very early in the morning. I had got all my books and things packed the night before, and one of the carts was to take my chest in to Jedburgh for the Edinburgh carrier. John and me were to call on Mr. Jervis at his own house by six o'clock, and to breakfast there, before we took our final departure; but as we had a good long ride before us, ere we could reach his farm, and better than fifty miles after we left it, my mother had a breakfast ready for us; for it seems that folk in the country can eat at all times, or, at least, are expected to do so. I know that during my

long pastorate, I never have gone into a house where I have not had meat set before me, and been expected to partake of it, at whatever hour of night or day it was. After the breakfast was over we rode away; I never parted with my parents so cheerfully as I did at that time, partly, I dare say, because I had so often left home before, that I had got accustomed to these absences, as well as them, partly because my absence this time would be very short, and the last one—and partly, I have no doubt, because of John Ogle being present; for the presence of an indifferent person is a great damper to the outflowing of sentiment. It was still quite dark when we left, but John knew the road well, and we were able to go quickly and safely, but when we reached a very narrow passage through the moss, we had to halt for a considerable time to allow a number of men and laden horses to pass us. Ogle,

who was foremost—for the road at that part was a mere narrow bridle-path, which only permitted one traveller at a time—spoke to one of the men, while the rest passed on in silence. I noticed that there were bundles on every horse, and John told me in a whisper that they were smugglers, carrying whisky and a variety of other goods from Scotland into England, and also that the man he had spoken to, had told him that they were going to hide during the short daylight, in a lonely and very dark glen between my father's farm and his own. Smugglers were well known at that time to all the people on the border; everybody dealt with them; it was considered no discredit then, and is quite a common thing still, to have business transactions with them, many of the ministers, even in my own knowledge, got all their tea and spirits smuggled from Scotland, either by the agency of these men,

or by means of the more reckless of their own congregations. Often in my younger days had I seen such people passing my father's house, though our people very seldom, and never since I came from College, had dealt with them — though the practice was universal. A mile or two farther on, we met a party of revenue officers, led by the two who had frightened me, and at the same time done me such good service, a month or two before. I was most thankful they had not come up with the smugglers when we met them, for we would in that case have been sufferers; as it was, they questioned us closely about whom we had met, and the road that we had come. John Ogle answered their questions truly so far; he knew the leader of the officers very well, but had no compunctions of conscience in deceiving him. However, he told him we had come direct from the Black Hill, and

that we had met the men they were searching for, but he made the place of meeting miles nearer my father's farm, and on a road which led direct past it, which was a long way to the eastward of that the smugglers were intending to take, and which did not lead at all near the place they were to hide in for the day. If the officers had taken John's directions, they would have been led direct to the prey, but they were habitually too suspicious to believe implicitly a border farmer, when a party of smugglers were in question. The smugglers, as I heard afterwards, had cheated John, for they took an old road that joined the one that led past my father's, while the officers pursued the one they had said they would take, and by this game of contraries, they missed each other altogether. Soon after we reached Mr. Jervis's farm, and after a second breakfast to me, a third to John Ogle, just as the

day was breaking, we started for Edinburgh.

We had a very pleasant journey, we did not hurry that we might not distress our horses, and so did not reach the city that night. We put off our time, in fact, going out of our way once or twice to see acquaintances of my companions. The first we called on was a young minister of the Church of Scotland, who had been, for the greater part of the autumn, assisting the minister of a parish near Roxburgh, whom Mr. Jervis had known in Fife, and as a student at St. Andrew's. He was delighted to see us, and gave us all a very hearty welcome. But I was much disappointed with him, for instead of the gravity of demeanour, which I have always esteemed so essential in a clergyman, he was as frolicsome as could be, the ministry appeared to be regarded by him merely as a profession, and not as the solemn work it

was in my estimation, and is really, and which requires the thorough consecration and devotion of a whole life. I was very glad, however, to have seen Mr. Chalmers thus early in my career, for the sight of his great intellect—and I felt sure from the size and look of his head, that he was a most intellectual man—thus occupied with the more trifling, to the exclusion of the more serious things, warned me more powerfully than ever of the danger of permitting scholarship, or philosophy to engross me as they had done him. Mr. Chalmers was a great mathematician and natural philosopher, and he asked me questions about my course at Glasgow, and laughed outright when I told him of the Academy at London, and ended with urging me to take the class of a great natural philosopher, who had lately obtained the chair in Edinburgh, the divinity professors he called a set of old fogies, whose lectures

I should attend only as often as would constitute me a student, I would only waste time by attending regularly; by all means I should attend the philosophy and ethical classes, which were far more useful. I easily saw that the bent of his mind was towards abstruse metaphysical studies, and while I could not help admiring, and half-envying the vast knowledge he possessed, and the faculty of illustrating what he wanted to say, at the same time I saw that the natural had then a much more powerful hold upon him than the supernatural. He rode with us nearly to Melrose, and so we had more time to converse together. Once or twice his horse, a very canny-looking beast too, let him slip quietly over its head, though we were riding very slowly, and he rose each time so comically, that all of us enjoyed it very much; there is nothing a bold rider so much rejoices in, as the comical distress of an inexperienced person,

when on horseback, and particularly if the horse have the tricks that Mr. Chalmers' pony had. Little did I think then, as I listened to his conversation, and laughed at the *coups* he got, that he would by-and-bye put Drs. Reid, and Playfair, and Leslie, and all the rest of them into the shade; and when, after years had gone by, I heard that Chalmers was stirring up all Fife, and soon the whole of Scotland, by his bold preaching of the glorious Gospel, and was carrying dismay, and consternation into the Moderate camp of the Church of Scotland, which, as I had always been thoroughly Evangelical, I rejoiced to hear, at first I little thought it was my quondam friend, that I had met in Roxburghshire, and I was exceeding glad when I did come to be sure of his identity, both for his own sake and mine.

We stopped all night at Peebles, which is about twenty miles from Edinburgh, having

ridden about forty miles that day. I was terribly tired and shaken with the long ride, for though I was a decent equestrian, I was not so good as to be able to stand so much of it at a time. We put up at the Peebles Arms,—three salmon with the ambiguous motto, "Keep me swimming," which ill-natured people say the Peebles burgesses are very good at doing on all occasions. The next day we reached Edinburgh about noon, and having put up our horses at a stabler's in the Candlemaker Row, we went to see the Castle, and the Palace. I mind well the impressions which the grand old Castle made upon me, and I felt that Edinburgh might well be proud of it, so grandly and picturesquely presiding over the town below. Having seen the Tower of London, and the old Castle at Newcastle, and border fastnesses innumerable, I expected something bigger and grander than the latter, but was

so much more astonished to find it seated so imposingly on its high rock, like an eagle on its eyrie. And then the Palace, and the street which leads from the Castle to it, with the fine old High Kirk in the middle of it, there was nothing like that in London. I always have liked the old parts of great towns better than the new, and the High Street, Canongate, and Abbeyhill, and even the Cowgate, and many of the closes, which now-a-days are held deservedly up to public reprobation, from the state of their inhabitants, were so full of places of historic name, and memorial, that they took my fancy greatly, and seemed to me the most interesting by far of all the old streets I had ever seen. John Knox's house I went to look at every day almost for the first month or two, and never tired conjecturing what plans he must have formed within it, what sights he must have witnessed from its windows; the little

sculpture on the corner I have as vividly before me now as if I had seen it this morning, and it has always been to me the *beau-idéal* of that great reformer in the pulpit. But the park, and the hill, and the old Palace at its foot—before I saw *them* I thought Edinburgh would have to give place to London, for some of these at least; but when I saw them, I could not help thinking, what would they not give in London for such a palace and park as this. It seemed to me quite the place for a king to live. Glasgow I had thought a fine town, and London a finer, but Edinburgh was so superior in my appreciation, that I could institute no comparison.

Then there was the Calton Hill and all it surveys, the Forth with its islands, like "emeralds set in gold," as a great Scotsman writes, and its ships and fleets of fishing-boats, dotting the water with their brown

sails, and cheering the ear of early passengers across it, with the rude song which the "oyster come of gentle kind" loveth so well. Leith and Newhaven lying seemingly at the hill's foot, and the far shores of Fife, studded so far as the eye from the Calton's top can see, from Queensferry to the East Neuk, with towns coming after each other so close, that the glare from the red-tiled roofs overcomes the sober green of the intervening strips of fields and trees. What, I again thought, would the people in London not give, to have such a hill and such a view? their Primrose Hills and Hampstead Heaths become absolutely insignificant, however fine they are in their own place, when contrasted with the magnificence of this, one only of Edinburgh's possessions. There was no Nelson's monument then, nor abortive Pantheon, only the clear hill-top with its quiet observatory; but now it is covered with monuments, has

public buildings lying at its feet, and great terraces along its sides, which, though they make it look more civilized, detract in my eye very much from the grandeur it possessed when first I saw it.

My two friends were away a day or two, visiting Mr. Jervis's father in Fife, and so I was left alone, to make acquaintance with Edinburgh by myself; they were to be back at Hallow Fair on the Tuesday. I took my pony, therefore, to a stabler's in the Grass Market, from the place in the Candlemaker Row, where at first I had put it, that it might go home with the carrier that week; then I went and engaged a lodging in the Pleasance, near both to the Park of Holyrood, and the College, and went to see all that I could see, before they came back and the classes commenced, which they did on the 4th of November. I had good time to see Leith, and Newhaven, and to explore all the new town,

and I made a pilgrimage to Greyfriars Churchyard, where the men of old signed the Covenant, and where so many martyrs of the persecuting times are buried, and I spent a day in exploring the Cowgate, and some of the more noted closes between it and the High Street—the Cowgate was not so low then as it is now. So I had a good opportunity of seeing Edinburgh before the business of the classes began.

Studying at Edinburgh was just like studying anywhere else, and so I shall pass it over *sub silentio*. I found the professors of divinity and Church history, very much what Mr. Chalmers had called them, "old fogies;" but while I took his advice so far, and went to the other classes, I did not neglect them, though I must say I did hear little that was new or original from them, for they pursued the old beaten track, like that of Hughes at London. The Professors were

gentlemen, however, and treated their students as such, and we got on very harmoniously. There *is* something in a large class that encourages one, which I never felt so much as here. In London I used to argue, that one advantage of our little class was, that the tutors had more time to devote to each student; and though I found that they did not do so, as I had at first expected —for, really, in all the classes less care was given to each there than at Glasgow or here— I had maintained that opinion all along, but now I saw that it was a mistake. At Edinburgh the students, with few exceptions, behaved like gentlemen; of course in a Church so thoroughly the Church of the nation, and not having the great stipends which the Church of England enjoys, there will always be vulgar and sycophantish candidates for the ministry, and it would be too much to say that there were none such at

Edinburgh; but they were the exception, not the rule, whereas at the Academy in London these were the rule, without any exception at all. I formed some pleasant friendships with students who attended that session with me, which have lasted all our lives; and when I was first settled in the place I have been in so long, it was no little gratification to me to be able within a few weeks to assist at the ordination of two, and at the first communion of one of these, my old fellow-students and now my near neighbours.

The most pleasing thing of that session was the renewal of my acquaintance with young Mr. Walkinshaw, my old Glasgow *confrère*, whose acquaintance I had made so inauspiciously at the door of the College, and in the Public Hall, and which had ripened into genuine friendship and brotherly regard under his father's roof, and in the several

classes he entered with me at the University, and which was cemented, so far as he was concerned, into an indissoluble bond on the day of the snow-ball riot, when I had saved him from very ill-usage from the blackguards of the Vennel, and the Wynds. Young Walkinshaw was now studying law in Edinburgh, for they had at that time a famous professor there of that musty profession. He was one of the first men of his class, and his whole college career had been most brilliant; prizes and honours had been showered upon him, and he now stood *facile princeps* of all the classes he was attending. At the same time, it was a wonder to me, and all who knew him, how he found time to study, even for one of them, for he was the first in all the young men's diversions, and in those of the city, to which, as a rich Glasgow merchant's son, of good birth and station, he had the *entrée;* he was the first in all the

sports and pastimes of the students, at class brilliant in the forenoon, as brilliant as a skater on Duddingstone Loch in the afternoon till long after the moon had risen, and then away to some gay party—for Edinburgh was very gay and brilliant that winter—from which he would not return till far into the morning, and the next day, after all this, he would deliver some dazzling speech in the "Speculative," or read some profound essay in his own class, which the slower students and professors thought must have taken months of research. When he studied, and how, was a mystery, but all his efforts were completely successful. John received me, when I entered the class quite ignorant of his presence, with the greatest enthusiasm, and we, friends in a different place, became faster friends here, though our spheres and our aims were so different. Our friendship continues still unimpaired to this

ho Lituertl. wonder have I that he was called to the Bar as an advocate the following year, or that, when there, he should have attained the greatest success of any advocate in Scotland. His father used often to quote to me, and when I met him in Edinburgh he repeated the same lines of the old play:

"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Horatio—we'll deserve it."

And truly he did deserve it, and obtained it; for in a few years, he was the leading man of the Scottish Bar, and often afterwards I was pleased, when I went into Edinburgh, to hear him as a leading elder in the General Assembly, while he was still a young man. He deserved the success, if ever any man did, which all his life has attended upon him, for he was a real good man, as well as he turned out a real good lawyer. It was not without trouble, in some respects, that

he attained his position, and the happiness he at present enjoys; but that, was mostly of a private nature, which can only be elucidated as this history proceeds, though, on the whole, everything with him has gone most prosperously.

This session—by far the happiest one I spent in College—was finished by the end of the following March, when I returned home. I knew there was a meeting of the Classis at Birdhope Craig, on the Tuesday; and, therefore, my pony having been sent in, I started on the Monday morning very early, purposing to ride straight on, and to arrive at home the same night. I reached a little inn, the other side of Lauder—for I went that way as the shortest this time—a little before noon, and gave my pony a feed, and a rest of two hours, and dined myself, for both the pony and me were very tired; for though

the shortest, we had found this road the worst. I then set out again, and stopping in Jedburgh only for an hour to give the pony a little more rest, as well as myself, we reached home all well, but very tired, late at night, after having been about fourteen hours riding, besides our rests. I had changed the pace of the beast now and then, but mostly had gone at the slow trot of his former master, which made it all the sorer for me, who was unaccustomed to it.

CHAPTER XV.

THE Classis meeting of the Tuesday was the most solemn and important event of my whole life, save one. I went there, as a candidate for the ministry of the Gospel, and my heart grew faint as I thought of the responsibility, which would so soon be devolved upon me. During my long ride from Edinburgh, the thought of that almost completely dispelled the hope with which I returned, of being able to secure the affections of Jane Wood; for though I

had been regularly educated for the ministry of the Gospel as a profession, I had not at any time desired to be put into the priest's office, that I might gain a piece of bread: I felt that the duty I was to perform was a solemn one, and was prepared to devote myself to it solemnly and wholly. Had I been able to do exactly as I liked, I would have preferred to spend the day before, quietly and by myself. I had been by myself, it is true, but then the fatigue of a long journey had disabled me, and prevented the proper realization of my position. Perhaps, on the whole, it was as well as it was; for had I been at home I would alone, most likely, have been engrossed with the thought of the minister's daughter, of whom I had heard nothing all the session, my mother never mentioning her in any of her letters, and I was too shamefaced to allude in any way to her in mine.

So I rode down to the Classis meeting. I took my father's pony, my own being done up with the day before, and my father, mother, and all the servants that could be spared, went in a cart. My heart was beating sadly—partly with the fear natural to one in my situation, and partly because I would come, I supposed, into immediate contact with Jane. But I commanded myself the best way I could, and made my appearance at the Manse, a little before the hour of meeting, and before the ministers had assembled, as coolly as possible. I noticed on my way down, numbers of the people in their Sabbath dress, on their way to the Meeting-house, and that did not reassure me much, for I never liked publicity, and less this day than ever. John Ogle came up to me on the road; he was full of kind wishes, and as sure that I would get well through—with

flying colours, as he phrased it, as he could be. His company encouraged me a good deal, and enabled me to assume a boldness greater than I in reality felt. I had only a momentary sight of Jane that morning; for as her father's housekeeper, she was full of grave cares and perplexities, preparing for the accommodation of the members of the Presbytery, and for the dinner which was to follow their meeting, to help which my mother had sent half a sheep, which they had killed on purpose. John Ogle had sent a cheese, Mr. Jervis fine vegetables, and trouts of his own killing, and, indeed, all the sponsible farmers of the district sent something or other, so that it cost Mr. Wood's people only the trouble of getting these things made ready. This was a regular custom among those kindly people, practised on all occasions, when many people were like to be gathered at the Manse.

The Classis met in the Meeting-house; there were far too many people present to be accommodated in any other house in the village; and when it did assemble I was asked to go up to the pulpit, and preach my sermon, instead of the one with which the Presbytery was usually opened. I was almost dizzy, and nearly lost heart altogether, when I saw the great congregation, for the novelty of the meeting, and of a student being to deliver his trials, had drawn the people from far and near; I dare say kindliness towards my parents and myself, and a feeling of pride in having one of themselves a minister, had a good share in the gathering, for the ministers said that there had not been so many people present at any meeting for years. Well, I read my sermon from end to end, for that was the rule of the church then, though the people did not like read sermons at all, on which account I asked Mr. Wood, who came

up to the pulpit at the end, to tell them that I had read my discourse in obedience to the law of the church, not from laziness, and that pleased them all again I saw; and then I read the rest of my discourses, and as one of them was in Latin, and another a criticism on a few verses of the New Testament Greek, I could not help noticing how the folk cocked their ears and listened, as I read the grand sounding words in either language, which they did not understand; and then I closed the whole with a lecture, I mind it was the prodigal son, and was too long for one discourse, but I read it fully out; I only read little bits here and there of the other three, as the ministers directed me. After the discourses were done I came down from the pulpit, and was subjected to a personal examination in divinity and philosophy, which I fancied I had got through very creditably, but one should never halloa till they are out

of the wood, for one of the ministers, the wag of the Presbytery, suddenly asked me, just when I thought all was over, "What is effectual calling?" and whether it was the suddenness of the question, or that I was confused by my long previous trials, I cannot say, but I grew red in the face, stammered for a little, and could not answer, and so I said that I did not mind the words, but would give the idea in my own, if the Classis pleased, at which all the ministers laughed, and the folk in the Meeting-house tittered for a moment: there was not a bairn, I do believe, in the place, that could not have answered the question correctly. They all settled, however, and the Moderator, after they had consulted privately for a moment, rose up and said that the Classis had much pleasure in sustaining all my trials, for I had done very creditably indeed, and then he offered up a prayer, and gave me in the name

of the Presbytery licence to preach the Gospel within the bounds, and then all the members shook hands with me, and so I was made a licentiate of the kirk. I felt too dizzy to speak, and so I merely bowed; I could scarcely see, and was so confused that when they all sat down again, I continued standing myself for a time, but after a little I went out, and the first person I met, when I got to the door of the meeting, was my mother; poor body, she had been like me, very much overcome and like to faint, when she saw me shaking hands with the ministers, and my father and her had come out just before me. She grasped my hand, and looked me in the face with tearful eyes, but could not speak, she was so much affected, and my father, too, he was only able to bid God bless me, as he shook my hand. Then there was a crowd of my old schoolfellows, headed by the old schoolmaster, who came to congratulate

me; and were not the hinds of Northumberland, grave, sedate men, they would have given me three cheers; as it was, they wished me all good fortune and prosperity, and John Ogle and many of the young farmers declared, that they would go to hear me preach on the Sabbath following, for it seemed there was a kirk vacant about twenty miles off, and that there was some word of sending me there at once. It was customary for the Moderator to have the young men to preach for him the first time they were permitted to do so publicly, but he waived this right in my case, as one of their congregations was vacant, and they were all very glad to have a preacher of their own to fill it, so that the several ministers could stay at home in their own place each Sabbath. All this was done while I was out of the Presbytery, taking breath after my long trials were ended, and when I entered again, I found that I was

appointed to preach at Hoprig Meeting-house for the next four Sabbaths certain, and to continue there till the Presbytery sent me to some other place.

I do not remember what other business the Classis had that day, or if they had any; no doubt there would be more than mine to be transacted, but I left as soon as I heard definitely of my appointment, and went down with John Ogle to the schoolmaster's, and had some refreshment—neither John nor I would have intruded on Jane at that time, for the world. When we had rested ourselves, and I was growing ashamed of all the kind things, which the old master and John said about my appearance that day, and of how well they liked my sermon, and lecture, and all the exercises, indeed, which I had delivered, we went back to the Meeting-house, when we found the Classis just breaking up for dinner.

As we left the Meeting-house, the clerk of the Presbytery told me jocularly, that when I went to Hoprig, I would need "to pull up my breeks," for the last probationer that congregation had, was a grand preacher, and that many of the people wanted to give him a call, but that I had a better chance thereof than him, inasmuch as I would be the last the people would have, before the call was moderated. I did not think the prospect very flattering, and certainly it was not the best heartening to be told that I—who had never preached before—was to follow one who was so well liked. But *nil desperandum*, thought I, I'll do my best. I knew it would please my mother, and all the people, if I got a call from a place so near, and so soon after licence too; and I began, even when we were going to the Manse to dinner, to think what text I should choose, and soon became occupied with the

sermon I was to deliver when the Sabbath came.

Mr. Wood's parlour, was an oblong low-roofed room, of very considerable size, occupying the whole breadth of his house, with a low, old-fashioned window at each end. Two or three tables were joined together in the middle of the room, from window to window, and at the side another long table, which was daily used as a sideboard, was to accomodate now, those who could not get seats at the chief one. Mr. Wood took the foot, and the Moderator of Presbytery the head of this long table in the centre, having Jane Wood on his right and me on his left hand, and then all the ministers, and elders, and some of the farmers were seated down the sides, and my father and mother next to Mr. Wood at the bottom. We were a very large company and filled the room. I dare say there would

be fifty people there, and the inn was crowded too. There was a most substantial dinner, and as all the guests were hearty men, it was done excellent justice to. Indeed, whether it be marriage, or burial, a time of rejoicing, or a time of mourning, the appetites of these men never failed. After dinner—it was a very loyal time then—the health of the King, and the other loyal toasts were drunk, and then the Moderator proposed my health, in a neat little speech, and it was received with great kindliness and good feeling, and I had to get upon my legs, and do what I had never done before, make a speech of thanks in answer, which I did in one or two sentences, for I thought it would be bad taste on my part to do more, and imperative to do no less, than that. All the folk said I did it neatly, and when I rose afterwards and proposed the Presbytery's health and prosperity, and thanked the ministers present for their

kindness to me that day; the whole of the company cheered, and the Moderator in a little speech in answer, said that he was sure from what he had seen and heard that day, that there would need to be another meeting soon, and before six months were over he trusted that I should be an ordained minister in the Church. The healths of Mr. Wood, and my father, and the old schoolmaster were also drank, and then I slipped away. It was not the fashion in the country then for women to adjourn to drawing-rooms—indeed I knew no country house that had one—they stayed with the men after dinner, but this day as the dinner party were nearly all men, and there were lots of women up-stairs in one of the bed-rooms enjoying themselves, as well or better over their tea, than if they had been down-stairs, and so just when I slipped out, as the men were getting a little noisy, Jane Wood and my mother

followed. The garden was just behind the Manse, and to it I went to cool myself, and to enjoy my triumph if I could.

But I could not, for once more by myself the old thoughts came back again, and even though I had now passed through all the probationary trials, and had not them to fear me any longer, yet a gloom came over me, I did not at all like, while I endeavoured to realize my position. Now I was fairly in the harness, and next Sabbath, I would begin my life-times work of preaching the Gospel. Though it is so long ago now, I mind the feelings of despondency and dread of that time as well as if it had been an hour ago, as I tried to apprehend my situation, after the solemn trust which had been committed to me, and perceived how weak and deficient I was; I felt as if stunned, and could hardly believe, that now I should be written to, and spoken of, as the Rev. Mathew Paxton, preacher

of the Gospel, and so for a long time I walked about as if in a disturbing dream, not positively unhappy, but very much afraid and unable fully to appreciate my changed position. How I would fulfil the anticipations of my friends and acquaintances; how I should turn out as a preacher, I pondered over much. All would be disappointed if I was to fail, or even to hesitate, the first Sabbath, and if I was only a poor preacher, what hope had I either of getting a meeting, or succeeding creditably in life. I fear now that the world had a greater share in my thoughts that evening, than it should have had. I am quite sure that I did feel my own spiritual weakness, but still how I should get on in life always intervened, and led my thoughts astray from the subject, which really should have been my chief concern. I do believe now that had there been

a lesser gathering of people at the Meeting-house, and the dinner after been quieter, I should have been in a better state that night, for all the praises which I got, tended, as I afterwards saw, however at the time they pleased me, to unsettle the mind and set it a wandering from the right object.

Then, as a consequence of this worldly bent, or, perhaps, though not perceived by me, as its cause, another thought that had been lurking hidden all day came full back now that I was alone, and all was over; it asserted its dominance, and would be banished by no effort I could make to supersede it. Jane Wood's image arose before me and demanded my attention, for now the day I had long ago fixed on, which would put me in a position to tell her my feelings, had come, now I had a prospect of being able to keep a wife respectably, and might

with propriety declare my love to her, but though the day had come, not so the resolution. I walked round and round the garden thinking what I should say, how I ought to address her, but I found that the longer I pondered the less able was I to conclude.

"GLEN. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
HOTS. Why, so can I; or so can any man;
But will they come, when you do call for them?"

Like Glendower I could call up thoughts, and words, but, alas! they would not make their appearance on *terra firma* when I did call for them. Even the sight of Jane, who came out to the garden at last, to congratulate me, while it warmed my heart greatly, did not conduce to my courage, or suggest what I should do, and I put off my declaration till another opportunity, resolving to enjoy her company for the moment, and take no

overt act till another time. Poor foolish, silly creature that I was, like the moth one sees flying about a candle's flame, every moment becoming more hopelessly involved, and less able to resist the powerful attraction.

END OF VOL. I.

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